CANCER ON THE FRONT PAGE **TOM LEE**

THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 18, 1976 *50 cents*

Britain Out-Plans the U.S.
ENERGY POLICIES THERE AND HERE
Robert A. Kolbe

THE CONVENTIONS, THE CAMPAIGNS
Women Come Into Their Own
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Israel's Biblical Right Wing
Terry Pristin

THE STEELWORKERS
Sadlowski and the New Insurgency
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LETTERS

welcome Hentoff

Palo Alto, Calif.
I must congratulate you on another coup—Nat Hentoff and "Indigenous Music" [June 19] represent a long overdue but nevertheless welcome recognition of one of America's greatest treasures. Would it be too much to ask for occasional feature articles on our leading native musical artists, both past and present? *Larry L. English*

Soviet sports

Beverly Hills, Calif.
It was unusual to see the article, "The Olympics: Can Russia Lose?" by Yuri Brokhin in *The Nation* [July 17]. I would expect to see such writing in the *National Review* and the *Chicago Tribune*. Does the author mean to imply that the Soviet Union is more obsessed with sports than is the United States? Who in the world has showered its successful athletes with more gold than we?

And if the Soviet athlete is not to inquire why Soviet tanks are being used in Angola, why were our athletes as a class so silent during their government's atrocious behavior in Southeast Asia for more than ten years? It is my opinion that Brokhin was writing from bitterness . . . and showed a complete ignorance of our payoff to the successful but silent athlete. *Albert King*

Northridge, Calif.
I was deeply saddened that *The Nation* continues to publish anti-Soviet diatribes—largely unsubstantiated—continuing our government's program against détente and peaceful coexistence with the Russian people. Yuri Brokhin's article is another undertaking of this nature. Largely devoid of fact, Brokhin's article is pure fiction, especially his explanations of a Soviet preoccupation with sports. Especially disheartening is Brokhin's failure to tell the whole truth. Yes, the Soviets spent $25 million in Alma-Ata building a speed-skating complex, but what he fails to mention is that part of that sum went into the construction of a 140-foot dam to protect Alma-Ata from devastating floods like those in 1966 and 1968. . . .

Brokhin also fails to mention that while athletes do enjoy extraordinary travel privileges abroad, it is due in part not to the overlooking of the KGB but to the nature of other states in providing groups rather than individuals with the necessary visas. As a recent visitor in Alma-Ata, and having acquainted myself with many Soviet citizens while there, I know these to be facts.

The Nation would do its readers a much greater service if it chose to print the truth and avoided printing the ravings of cynics. *Guy Aronoff*

collective guilt

Walnut Creek, Calif.
The U.S. Supreme Court's decision legalizing the death penalty for certain crimes probably meets with the approval of a substantial majority of the public, according to previous surveys and polls, even though many feel that it is legalized murder. However one feels about it the plain fact is that all adults must share in the executions. By the principles of our government the majority binds not only themselves but also the minority in any action taken by the state, so that when the lever is pulled releasing the pellet in the gas chamber or the switch thrown in the electric chair the hand of each of us is taking part in the execution. Thus we are all collectively the executioner.

One can only hope capital punishment is really a deterrent to murder as otherwise society's grisly action merely sears the souls of some to satisfy the vengeance of others. *Meldon C. Belknap*

EDITORIALS

Perilous Shuttle

The country has become so accustomed to the image —quite different from the reality—of Kissinger the Peacemaker that it sounds almost impertinent to ask what on earth he is up to in Africa. But we can see no good and no prospect of good in his present intervention in the darkly tangled web of events in southern Africa.

We shall, of course, be charged with neo-isolationism for taking this view, by the new chauvinists of neo-conservatism. The United States, these people say, as a great power (if not the paramount one), must get involved in Africa's racial struggles and use its "good offices" to make, restore or preserve peace there.

The facts of the case are clear. Until less than a year ago, the United States policy toward southern Africa was overtly to leave things alone, while covertly "tilting" toward the white minority regimes of South Africa and Rhodesia. Then Kissinger discovered that things were going from bad to worse after the leftists (backed by Russia and Cuba) won out over our factions in Angola. The next target of militant black nationalists was Rhodesia, where guerrilla warfare against the 4 per cent white population which rules that country had already begun.

As Kissinger saw things, racial strife, supported by "world communism," would topple first Rhodesia and eventually South Africa unless the United States intervened. So he went to southern Africa last May and did two things: for the first time he made friendly approaches to the black regimes there, and he talked tough toward the government of the pariah-state, Rhodesia. He also began "negotiating" with the Vorster government of South Africa, on the theory that if Vorster would in effect blockade Rhodesia from the south, or threaten to, Ian Smith would have to grant enough rights to the black 96 per cent of that country to keep things relatively quiet.

So South Africa was to be the linchpin of a hastily conceived new American policy. It must have looked neat, even clever, on the drawing boards of Foggy Bottom. But the trouble with this best-laid plan became apparent even before the ink was dry on it: the linchpin cracked. South Africa was caught up in serious strife with its own black majority. And the pressures on Johannesburg to give up Namibia, which it has held onto illegally for decades, were increasing just when the United States was asking it to apply pressure on Salisbury.

Nevertheless, Kissinger persisted in his "plan," even as the winds of change shook his jerrybuilt diplomatic structure. He has met twice with Vorster in Europe and the air is filled with "high officials" (i.e., Kissinger) leaking cautious optimism as they/he shuttle back and forth.

All of this high-level fiddling, based on global considerations of great-power balances, has naturally caused the African neighbors of the two embattled white-minority states to meet and decide whether any arrangement Kissinger and Vorster might reach is acceptable to them. In the long run, at least, these countries have an effective veto on any Western-imposed solution, with or without the aid of Russia and its allies—and that is the intervention which Kissinger fears most of all.

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To this bubbling racial and strategic stew what can Kissinger (read the United States) really contribute? He can stir the ingredients a bit, and thus perhaps postpone the boiling over, but there is nothing he can add to or remove from the already explosive mixture. By putting himself in the middle he has, in effect, made the United States the guarantor of the next uneasy stage of racial accommodation in southern Africa. That stage will not be the last one, and it will not be popular with the black African states—nor, for that matter, will we even get the gratitude of the white minorities, the inevitable losers in this long contest.

If we are right in these assumptions, then what does Kissinger think he is really up to? Does he imagine that he is pressuring both sides toward the "right" solution? Remembering October 1972, are we entitled to the suspicion that another "peace is at hand" electoral ploy may be in the minds of Kissinger and candidate Ford?

George Washington, in his Farewell Address in 1796, was dealing with an altogether different set of circumstances and powers, but one sentence from that famous speech has a certain relevance to the United States' proper posture in Africa 180 years later. "The Great Rule of Conduct for us in regard to foreign nations," he said, "is in extending our commercial relations to have with them as little political connections as possible."

Kissinger's attempted mediation in southern Africa would seem to be vastly extending our "political connections" with the doomed white minority regimes of Rhodesia and South Africa. And from that can come nothing but trouble for all the peoples involved.

Wrongdoing at High Levels

The Senate has passed a measure to create a permanent office to prosecute wrongdoing by top officials. The special office would have authority to investigate for possible prosecution allegations of illegal actions by the President, the Vice President, Cabinet members, the director of the FBI, White House staff members, members of Congress, and other officials paid $25,000 a year or more. Impressive testimony against the measure has been presented to the House Criminal Justice Subcommittee by three men who played key roles in the Watergate investigations: Archibald Cox, former Special Prosecutor; John Doar, counsel for the House Judiciary Committee in the impeachment inquiry, and Rep. Peter W. Rodino Jr., chairman of the House Judiciary Committee. So, for the time being at least, the measure is likely to languish in the subcommittee, which is not a bad idea. "We can go too far," as Archibald Cox told the subcommittee, "in substituting laws for character."

There is no pat solution to the problem of insuring integrity at high levels of government. It requires care and conscience on the part of the Executive in selecting appointees of character and integrity, and vigilance by Congress in checking their credentials and backgrounds. It presupposes a willingness on the part of both the Executive and the Congress to investigate serious charges of wrongdoing in either branch. No amount of snooping and sleuthing by an "independent" agency can substitute for acceptance of these obvious responsibilities. Then,

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too, the public must be willing, as it is at the moment, to hold both Congress and the Executive responsible for prompt investigation and action on wrongdoing of which either has notice.

Two recent incidents cast some light on the basic problem. Obviously Director Clarence Kelley should not have permitted the FBI carpenters to install valances in his apartment. He has conceded the point by reimbursing the agency for the cost. Nor should he have accepted two minor gifts from obsequious subordinates—any more, perhaps, than the Attorney General should have accepted gifts of cuff links and a briefcase from five FBI agents who constitute his security guard. The problem of gifts, which to accept, which not to accept, has been endlessly debated and investigated but no firm guidelines have ever emerged. However, for all its fuzziness, the problem is not one that calls for a special agency to deal with it and related issues. Moreover there is an inference that Mr. Kelley was targeted by some disgruntled FBI agents annoyed by a recent speech in which he had "apologized" for the bureau's intelligence program and criticized the leadership of the late J. Edgar Hoover. If true, the incident suggests how a permanent prosecutor's office might be used for a variety of mischievous purposes. Over time such an agency would probably become a power center in itself and just who would then investigate the investigators?

Then there is the Wayne Hays incident. For two months Hays tried desperately to strike a bargain with the House Committee on Standards of Official Conduct which would permit him to resign in return for a written guarantee that the subcommittee would not investigate charges of improper conduct. Four of twelve members of the subcommittee were apparently willing to accept the proposal but the chairman, Rep. John J. Flynt Jr. (D., Ga.) was obstinate; the subcommittee had voted on June 2 to conduct a full-scale investigation and more recently had voted 12 to 0 to proceed with the inquiry. So, with the backing of the other members, he simply refused to listen to further overtures and Hays resigned. No special prosecutor was needed.

The problem of high-level skullduggery does not call for the creation of a new agency; it calls for more character in public officials, a solution not likely to emerge from legislative action of the kind proposed. A President determined to insist on proper standards of decent conduct at all levels and a Congress willing to discharge its responsibilities, however unpleasant and irksome, with both branches kept under scrutiny by an alert public and a vigilant press, offer better assurance of integrity in government than does the special prosecutor gimmick, and without the added risks. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

The Nickname Sweepstakes

Jimmy Carter has come a very long way in a very short time with a style of studied informality, but now in the Presidential campaign it is beginning to haunt him. It was fine to be "Jimmy" when the action was flesh-pressing at factory gates in the primary season. But now that the final big drama is on stage how can a "Jimmy" pit himself against a "Mr. President"?

Of course "Jimmy" is how James Earl Carter Jr. styled himself—it was no sobriquet pinned on him by a sneering press or a political enemy. It was his own down-home label, and now he's stuck with it.

"Jimmy" can't be made to sound magisterial. There is just no way to give it that resonance. "James Earl," even with the "Jr." attached, can stand proud alongside such monikers as "Grover," "Calvin," "Ulysses," "Theodore" or "Franklin." But would Mr. Hoover have been elected President in 1928 (with or without the chickens and cars in pots and garages) if he had campaigned as "Herb" or "Bert"? Maybe so, but it raises a question.

Of course Gerald Rudolph Ford was known as "Gerry" when he was the genial House Minority Leader and the co-star of the "Ev and Gerry" anti-Congress show with Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen (now there was a Presidential name if ever there was one!). He came to be known as "Mr. Ford," not to say "Mr. President," only after Richard Nixon, the about-to-be ousted, had made him "Mr. Vice President" to fill the slot of the disgraced Agnew.

But now, such is the institutional solemnity of the office, "Gerry" Ford has come to be known as "President Ford," "Mr. Ford," or simply "the President." And all the Democratic nominee has to put up against that panoply is plain "Jimmy."

Even *The New York Times*, respectability's last redoubt, has trouble with this nomenclatural problem. In its news stories, it is constantly pitting "Jimmy" against "Mr. Ford" or "the President." The *Times* must wince at the blow to its objectivity, but it sees no choice, given J.E. Carter Jr.'s self-styling.

In all humility, we offer the objective press a solution to this problem. They could call Mr. Carter "Governor" and have done with it. He isn't a Governor any longer, but then neither is W. Averell Harriman, who is always called "Governor Harriman," commemorating his one term as Governor of New York.

And so *Governor* Carter could be running against *President* Ford, titular affairs would be roughly back in balance—and we could take the whole contest as seriously as it deserves.

Hammer and Splinter

The FBI is out of control. It always has been and the recent evidence of its activities make it look as if it always will be. There is no sign that the personnel changes, administrative fiddling and Congressional probing since Watergate and the death of J. Edgar Hoover have had any serious effects on this rogue police agency.

These observations are not prompted by the mini-scandal involving the bureau's present Director, Clarence Kelley. Certainly Kelley was not fastidious when he allowed the FBI's own stagehands ("display" workers, they are called) to install valances in his apartment, and accepted a few trifling gifts from the bureau's top brass, but these improprieties are as nothing when compared to the continuing scandal of the FBI's involvement in political espionage and harassment.

On the day the President cleared the FBI chief, the Socialist Workers Party, that fountain of revelations on

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what the FBI has been up to all these years, made known a whole new set of clandestine outrages against it by the FBI of Hoover and Kelley. They involved infiltration of the tiny SWP by federal agents. Documents which this sliver of a Trotskyite party had forced out of the FBI previously, in a series of court actions, had abundantly proved that the FBI for many years had used burglary as a principal weapon in the war against the SWP.

Now—and it should be no surprise—we are told that the FBI's black bag jobs were buttressed by that old friend of every secret police agency in history, the informer. The FBI over the years used some 1,616 informers to check on the doings of this small party, which thought but did not act radically. Pause to consider the numbers. The SWP has never counted more than 1,500 in its ranks. Perhaps 1,000 more belong to an affiliated student organization called the Young Socialist Alliance. And to keep tabs on this splinter from a sliver of the Left the federal government has allowed its police arm to worm its way into the councils of the SWP at an amazing rate.

Right now, the latest documents show, sixty-six informers for the FBI are posing as members of the Socialist Workers. Given the 1,500 members of SWP, the ratio would be one informer for every twenty-three members. One must wonder what the black bag jobs (which were going on even this year) could possibly have added to the vast store of party information the informers must have been funneling into the FBI.

The FBI right down to the present, and going back to 1961 when the current program of harassment began, has maintained that the SWP was "potentially violent." A federal judge in the current lawsuit asked the bureau to produce any evidence it had of "violent revolutionary activity or any other illegal activity" by the SWP or YSA and found that it had "absolutely nothing." And so the SWP suit for damages (which it puts at $40 million) winds its way through the courts with the FBI still dragging its feet on the evidence.

Next week we shall publish an article by Walter and Miriam Schneir on the Socialist Workers Party. It tells where the party came from, historically and ideologically, where it is heading, and how it hopes to get there. One can never be sure, but the odds are strongly against the SWP's ever becoming a heavyweight in this country's political life. But it is enlightening to read about this target of the federal police—how it opposes violence as a matter of stated doctrine, how its almost square political behavior made it seem to others in the anti-war effort the "milquetoast" of the protest movement.

All this was known to J. Edgar Hoover and his successors and their bosses (who never dared to act as such). And yet they went on doing their outrageous, if incompetent, best against the SWP. No one stopped these bumbling secret policemen. Presidents praised Hoover for his efficiency and patriotism and vigilance. The whole disgusting game of provocation, harassment, infiltration and intimidation of a perfectly legal political group went on and on.

One must wish the Socialist Workers Party and their counsel, Leonard Boudin and Herbert Jordan, well in their suit against the government. Their cause in this action should be the cause of all Americans.

The Trouble with Moynihan

One curious fact about the candidacy of Daniel Patrick Moynihan for the Democratic nomination to the U.S. Senate is that he seems to have adopted the tactics Gerald Ford is using in the Northern industrial states as the Republican Presidential nominee. There is the same stress on ethnic appeal and the same loud chauvinism aimed at an imagined constituency of patriotic, largely Catholic workers, sick of the "welfare state" and its supposedly shiftless charges.

The similarity of the Ford and Moynihan campaigns will not come as much of a surprise to those who recall Moynihan's faithful service to the Nixon-Ford administration. He also worked for Kennedy and Johnson, of course, but it was Nixon whom he called "a President of singular courage and compassion"—to which accolade Nixon responded that "every time we need a little inspiration, we're going to want to call him back to give it to us." (And back Moynihan twice went to inspire the flagging Republicans.)

The race in New York has a special interest this year because the Democratic nominee will run against Sen. James Buckley, the only declared conservative in the Senate and one of the most reactionary officeholders in the country. Buckley should be an easy target for a Democratic candidate this year in the most "liberal" state, but then he should never have made it to the Senate in 1970 in a contest he won only because the liberal vote was split between a moderate Republican, Senator Goodell, and a liberal Democrat, Representative Ottinger. Strange things happen in the politics of New York, which has not had a Democratic Senator since the death of Robert Kennedy in 1968, and which put up with the four-term reign of Nelson Rockefeller as Governor.

Again this year the New York Democrats are badly, if not hopelessly, divided. Four others are competing with Moynihan for the nomination, of whom Ramsey Clark and Bella Abzug are the most serious. Congresswoman Abzug has many things to recommend her, starting with her combative spirit, but we would choose Clark, the former Attorney General who, it is not much mentioned, came close to beating Senator Javits in 1974. He is a serious and interesting political figure who would raise the tone of the Senate's deliberations, to say the least.

Moynihan's performance as a candidate has about matched the show he put on at the United Nations last fall. That is to say, it has been marked by a kind of tony vulgarity. In donnish language he accuses his opponents of "demagoguery," notably for favoring cuts in defense spending which, he says, conflict with their other aims. He is, of course, a diplomaed demagogue himself, masking his mean neo-conservatism in fancy argumentation and playing the ethnic game, with its profoundly reactionary implications, to the hilt and beyond.

If Moynihan wins the Democratic primary on September 14 it will be a bad augury for the Democrats in the national campaign in all the Northern states. The Carter ticket cannot and will not make the kind of divisive appeal that is the specialty of D.P. Moynihan. And the voters in New York and in the nation might well decide that they prefer the declared conservatism of Buckley to the devious fakery Moynihan represents.

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WOMEN COME INTO THEIR OWN

LUCY KOMISAR

Women won some and lost some at the Democratic and Republican Party conventions this summer, but as a political force they gained substantially in image, credibility and weight with their own party leaders and organizations, and they are now participating in the campaigns with an authority they have never enjoyed before. They were organized, they knew what they were doing, they were led by party pros and officeholders, and concentrated on strategic party and platform demands. "The men were amazed," says President Ford's deputy campaign chairman Elly Peterson. "They like to think that the women are going to muck something up, but they had their counts right down to the minute."

It was also evident that the women had organized constituencies that would follow their lead in committees and on the floor. The Democratic Women's Agenda, a coalition of the Democratic Women's Task Force of the National Women's Political Caucus and the Women's Caucus of the Democratic National Committee, held daily morning caucuses for hundreds of delegates who packed a succession of Statler-Hilton ballrooms.

The Republican Women's Task Force, also part of the NWPC, was stymied by the logistical problem of gathering in women who had been billeted in hotels as far as two hours from Kemper Arena, and it attracted only 150 women to a meeting on the eve of the convention. However, it set up a system to keep in touch with delegates through whips appointed in most of the states, and a questionnaire returned by a quarter of the 1,600 women delegates and alternates showed that a majority favored the Task Force positions on abortion and the Equal Rights Amendment, although less than half supported rule changes for equal representation.

The issues were pretty much the same at both conventions. Both feminist groups sought guarantees of equal strength for women at future conventions and went home with compromises that called for affirmative action but no quotas or plans for enforcement. Both groups took stands on abortion: the Democrats won and the Republicans lost. The GOP feminists also battled, successfully, to keep a plank on party support of the ERA. Those contests were themselves a subtle victory for the women, for they demonstrated their grasp of convention and party politics and won them some respect from dubious male colleagues. They also made it clear that women will not be given power; they will have to seize it.

The chief issue for the Democratic women was a demand for 50 per cent representation at the 1980 convention. Quota systems in many states had boosted women to 40 per cent of delegates in 1972, up from a slim 13 per cent four years earlier. But this year, the ratio slid to 34 per cent, after party chairman Robert Strauss succeeded in weakening the delegate selection rules. States that followed their own vaguely worded affirmative action plans could not be challenged on the basis of the percentage of women or minorities in their delegations.

Feminists had wanted to require an equal division of delegates by sex, but lost out at the Rules Committee meeting in the spring. They filed a minority report, and that set the stage for negotiations for compromise at the convention. Each side had a reason to strike a bargain: Jimmy Carter did not want a fight over the issue and the women expected that they would lose on the floor.

The rules change adopted required the national party to "encourage and assist" state parties to adopt provisions that "promote" equal representation of women. Rep. Bella Abzug said that would not have been acceptable had it not been part of a package that will give women more influence in setting convention policies and organizing women in the party around feminist demands.

Carter promised women "full" representation on the Winograd Commission which sets rules for Presidential primaries, and on the Judicial Committee which will review delegate selection plans for future conventions and deal with internal party disputes. He also agreed to free the women's division from the control of the party chairman, allow it to focus on women's issues and give it staff and a budget.

On the Republican side, women's representation increased slightly—from 29.8 per cent in 1972 to 31.5 per cent. It had been 17 per cent in 1968. The Miami convention had voted that states must "endeavor" to have equal representation of men and women next time around, but guidelines were not released until January of this year, and there was no enforcement mechanism save the use of the credentials challenge. Most of the feminists were Ford supporters and had acquiesced when popular male votegetters were loaded onto delegate slates. They were also unwilling to risk throwing out Ford supporters by challenging delegations that were top-heavy with men.

Instead, the women decided to press for a better deal next time. However, when they got to the Rules Committee meeting the week before the convention, they realized not only that it would be difficult to win stronger assurances for equal representation but also that Mississippi state chairman Clarke Reed had come determined to eviscerate the rule he had failed to defeat four years earlier. He grafted on sections which specifically banned quotas and said that party organizations that did not conform with guidelines for equal representation would not be considered out of compliance with delegate selection rules.

The Rules Committee spent most of its time dealing

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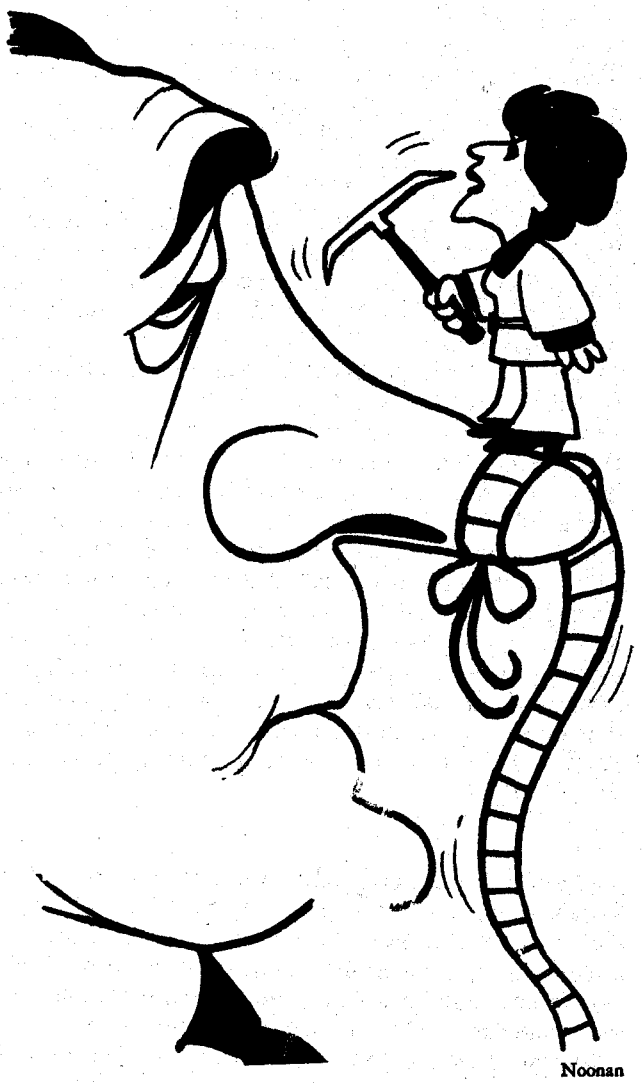
with the explosive issues of Rule 16C, to require the Presidential nominees to select their running mates by the morning of the Presidential balloting, and Rule 18, to bind delegates to their primary choices. Pat Bailey, a Washington lawyer who headed the lobbying on rules by the Women's Task Force, says that some people traded away their votes in order to win for Ford on 16C and 18.



Noonan

The committee did not get to the equal representation issue until late, when it was running seven hours behind schedule and the convention had already started. Bailey says, "It was clear that if we had brought it up, we'd have been blasted all the way out of the hotel." Thus, neither of the feminist groups was able to get enforceable promises of equal representation.

Women showed more of their mettle on the platform fights. The Democratic feminists got Jimmy Carter to convince a recalcitrant Platform Committee that it should reverse itself and vote that it is "undesirable" to amend the Constitution to overturn the Supreme Court decision on abortion. Carter was so skittish about the whole issue that he told the press conference at which he announced his selection of Walter Mondale that he would have preferred "different wording" on the resolution and that he did not have "any input . . . personally or through my staff so far as I know" on the abortion resolution.

The fact is that, when the original motion to support the Supreme Court decision failed, Bella Abzug talked to Carter by phone and his aides Mary King and Stuart Eizenstat wrote a new version. That plank was defeated on the first vote, and Eizenstat, along with Joe Duffy, Carter's man on the Platform Committee, took two hours to convince the delegates to reconsider. Everyone knew that the women had enough votes for a minority report and would have taken the issue to the convention floor. The motion that passed is not as strong as feminists would have liked and says nothing about access to abortion services, but unlike four years ago in Miami, this time *they* had the majority report.

The Republican women lost on abortion, partly by default because the Task Force decided that it could not risk joining the issues of abortion and the Equal Rights Amendment in peoples' minds and thus did not marshal its forces to fight the abortion plank. "Besides," says Pat Goldman, Task Force chairman and staff director of the House Wednesday Club (of liberal Republicans), "if you're trying to set up a floor fight and you've got two telephones in your office, it just becomes physically impossible to do both things." She had testified that there should be no mention of abortion at all in the platform if the convention did not endorse the Supreme Court decision.

The plank supporting a constitutional amendment against abortion was passed easily in a subcommittee dominated by supporters of Sen. Jesse Helms, the right-wing activist from North Carolina, and was sent to the Platform Committee where Rep. Millicent Fenwick of New Jersey moved on her own to delete it. Her motion lost 26 to 65. Tanya Melich, a New York alternate and a founder of the Task Force who has not missed a party convention since she attended her first as a child in 1952, organized a dozen other feminists to get the twenty-seven signatures needed to bring the issue to the convention floor.

Under the gag rule that had been adopted, signatures had to be on one piece of paper, and Platform Committee members scattered on the weekend to their state delegation hotels. Melich and others drove miles, getting some delegates out of bed in the middle of the night to sign the minority report. They also got seven states to agree to a roll-call vote, but the Ford camp was against this, and when the time finally came at 2 A.M. Wednesday morning, chairman John Rhodes refused to recognize any of those states. There was a voice vote, and reporters said the division sounded even, but Rhodes ruled that the motion had failed. Party officials were surprised it had gotten as far as it had.

The women had more success on the ERA. They turned what could have been a rout into a victory and in the process gave a convincing exhibition of their own political skill. Not incidentally, they isolated Phyllis Schlafly, an old-time Goldwaterite and chief organizer of national opposition to the ERA, who found herself part of the disgruntled Helms camp and ultimately dismissed by the Reaganites.

Three anti-ERA women had changed their subcom-

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mittee assignments to the one that would handle the resolutions on women's rights. The ERA lost there 8 to 7. The Task Force leaders, expecting a contest, had readied their whips with instructions for a floor fight; however, it never got that far.

The first step in their lobbying was to try for a reversal in the Platform Committee. Each of the 106 members had already been profiled; now they were polled and seventeen unsure, undecided or changeable votes were identified. The women worked with the support of Pat Hutar, president of the National Republican Women's Federation, and with the Ford staff. When the vote came, they won 51 to 47. Opponents of the resolution, which reaffirms GOP support for ratification of the ERA, could not muster the twenty-seven signatures for a minority report. Although Reagan was on record against the ERA, he did not make this a loyalty issue and many of his supporters, including his daughter Maureen, stood against him.

The final judges of women's effectiveness at the conventions are Jimmy Carter and Gerald Ford, and both men have brought women into the now-starting national campaigns in positions and numbers they have never had before. Two of Carter's deputy campaign managers are feminists, Patt Derian and Barbara Blum, as are four of his ten regional coordinators. Ten out of forty-eight state coordinators also are women.

In fact, feminists are a lot happier about Carter's staff choices than about Mondale's. Except for a speechwriter, the Senator's chief campaign staffers are men, and some women are particularly distressed that he did not give a key role to Koryne Horbal, a Minnesota national committeewoman who was state party vice chairman for five years and is now coordinator of the Democratic Women's Agenda and one of the six members of the strategy committee that will represent the DWA in dealings with the Carter-Mondale campaign.

Mildred Jeffrey of Detroit, also on the DWA strategy committee, head of the NWPC Democratic Women's Task Force and a former secretary of the party's national women's division, says Carter is generally coming through on his commitments to feminists and notes that one of the first instructions the male state coordinator for Michigan received was "to work things out with the women. Outside of the abortion thing, we are really quite pleased."

The abortion issue has made feminists extremely angry. The DWA sent Carter a telegram just before Labor Day, blasting his comments to the Catholic Bishops Conference and saying that it was "indefensible for a Democratic candidate for the Presidency to be advocating discriminatory health care." It reminded Carter that he had pledged his support of the DWA program, which includes women's right to abortion, and said a withdrawal of federal funds would cause poor women to lose their health, dignity and lives, as they had before 1973.

On the GOP side, the campaign almost started with a major defeat for women. Deputy campaign chairman Elly Peterson, former assistant chairman of the Republican National Committee and co-chair of ERAmerica, resigned after the convention, because the men running the campaign were not including her in strategy and decision-making sessions. Peterson says the reason she quit was to go to Michigan to work on other races, and it is true that her commitment to President Ford had been only through the convention. However, several Task Force women say her dissatisfaction was open knowledge at the convention and that she has now returned to the campaign only on Ford's promise that she is to have real power. She is a member of the seven-person Steering Committee which runs the campaign.

The Republicans have divided the country into four regions. One of the four political directors is Nola Harle, who was responsible for the Rocky Mountain states in the primary campaign. And under Elly Peterson four women regional directors will be working on ten special-interest areas, such as women and minorities. Three out of four of the women who have been asked to serve are active Task Force members, one of them being Pat Bailey. NWPC president Audrey Colom is one of twenty-eight people who will serve on a national campaign advisory committee under Rogers Morton.

As for the future, Democratic feminists are placing some hope in a revitalized, independent Women's Division and in the women who will be recruited to high office through "Talent Bank 77," a new, permanent operation of the Democratic National Committee, run by members of the NWPC and instructed to gather women's resumés and make them available to governors and mayors, as well as to a Democratic President.

Republicans can point to the fact that their own women's federation, recently headed by an anti-feminist, is now led by Pat Hutar, a conservative who nonetheless supports the ERA and the Supreme Court decision on abortion and who this year shed the traditional "white gloves and fashion shows" image to set up workshops at the convention on how to run for office. She is distributing a booklet, "Consider Yourself," to encourage women to become candidates.

However, feminists in both parties appear to be taking the advice of Rep. Andrew Young, Mr. Carter's "main man," who was an aide to Martin Luther King in 1964 when blacks at the Atlantic City Democratic convention were debating whether to accept a compromise on the seating of the Mississippi delegation in exchange for party promises for the future.

King and his young aide argued to militants that they should accept the two symbolic delegates along with a pledge for fair elections the next time around. In 1968, when the Mississippi Freedom Democrats again challenged the segregationist regulars, they had a pile of affidavits to prove blacks' exclusion and stayed to take their seats while the regulars went home fuming.

Still, influence is more than a numbers game. There were a lot of blacks at the Democratic conventions of 1964, 1968 and 1972, says Young, but most of them "were appointed by the machine and organized labor. They really were not independent and did not represent black people." Influence depends on organizing constituencies around issues and then using those votes to win bargaining power. Women have always worked in political campaigns, but in the past they have stayed in the back-

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ground and kept their mouths shut—except when they were staffing phone banks or licking stamps. These days they have a lot to say about their place in the parties and the issues in the campaign, and their performances at the conventions seem to have convinced many men that they might as well stop shutting them out and instead use women's political skills to their party's advantage. □

'TO TAKE THE HERITAGE'

ISRAEL'S BIBLICAL RIGHT WING

TERRY PRISTIN

"And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their possessions which they had gathered, and the persons that they had gotten in Haran; and they set forth to go to the land of Canaan. When they had come to the land of Canaan, Abram passed through the land to the place at Shechem, to the Elon [oak or terebinth tree of] Moreh. At that time the Canaanites were in the land. Then the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, 'To your descendants I will give this land.'" (Gen. 12: 5-7)

A few miles from Nablus, the major town of Samaria that many Jews still call by its Biblical name of Shechem, is a one-time Jordanian army base now occupied by the Israelis. A road winds past the base up to a few rows of small prefab caravans which, together with a couple of barracks buildings, form the settlement of Elon Moreh at Kadum. The dry and rocky campground commands a sweeping view of some typical olive-tree studded Samarian hills. In the late afternoon, the light plays tricks and the terrain becomes variegated and almost lush. By day reality returns and the aridity makes you wonder what kind of grim humor lay behind the Lord's promise.

May was an ugly month in Judea and Samaria, the West Bank territories administered by Israel since the Six Day War. Arab demonstrations and confrontations with army patrols had been flaring up periodically since February, when a group of Jews touched off a controversy by praying on the Temple Mount, near two of Islam's most sacred mosques. Now the violence seemed to be growing: three mornings in a row an Arab had been killed by Israeli gunfire. Each afternoon, the morning's casualty was buried by enraged youths chanting a warning that loses much of its rhythm in translation. "With blood and soul we will redeem our land," they shouted, their eyes smoldering. The television cameras pressed in close; for days the running story dwarfed news of the carnage in neighboring Lebanon. Many Israelis wondered when their government would start exercising common sense, when rudimentary tactics for quelling demonstrations without bloodshed would be employed. And, finally, there was talk of rubber bullets and tear gas, but then the demonstrations stopped, for a while at least.

Benign though it is, the occupation itself was the root cause of the protests. And with each incident, the military presence seemed to become more pronounced. Curfews were imposed in anticipation of or in response to rioting. Stores illegally on strike were forced to open. Soldiers, most of them as young as the Arab demonstrators, positioned themselves on rooftops and circled the towns in armored personnel carriers. The sight of all that hardware fueled the anger. A vicious circle.

Among the proximate causes for the demonstrations, surely, was that small settlement at Kadum, financed and supported by a relatively new force in the complex Israeli political arena—the Gush Emunim or Bloc of the Faithful. Formed two years ago, the movement is made up mostly of young orthodox people drawn from the religious schools and campuses and inspired by rabbis and right-wing intellectuals. No one knows how many members they have—as yet Gush Emunim is not a political party—but during Passover they led more than 20,000 followers in a march to the West Bank. No paltry showing in a country of 3.5 million, even if many of the marchers were children. It is a messianic movement in revolt against what it sees as the corrupt and opportunistic National Religious Party of their parents. Unlike the older religious Zionists, the members are unwilling to compromise and determined to force the government, by extra-parliamentary means, to cling to the West Bank territories of Judea and Samaria. To the Gush Emunim, the territories—all of them—are not vital just because of security considerations, not simply their due as the spoils of war. The land belongs to the Jews, they believe, because of the Biblical promise. *Hitnachlut*, they call it: to take the heritage.

"Kadum is an agent of the PLO," read a sign I saw at a Tel Aviv rally in early May. Fascists, fanatics, crazy mystics, outlaws—these are some of the more common epithets. "It is a caricature of Zionism to define it as what God and Abraham said to each other in the Bronze Age," asserts the writer Amos Elon. Yet many others, not all of them people who would be comfortable with the label "right-winger," refer to the settlers as "our best boys." They admire the sacrifices, the idealism, the revival of a dormant pioneering spirit, the defiance of that relentless enemy known as "world opinion."

Mirroring public opinion, of course, are deep political divisions. For nationalistic rather than messianic reasons, the Gush Emunim has the support of the Likud opposi-

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tion parties, which hold nearly one-third of the Knesset seats. The movement also has significant backing within the ruling Labor party, despite the fact that Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin is against them. While Rabin has been calling the Gush Emunim a "grave danger to democracy," his bitter intraparty rival, Defense Minister Shimon Peres, an advocate of a permanent military presence in the territories, has been making statements that sound like endorsements of their goals. "Although I searched in the Bible and historical texts," Peres said in March, "I could find no distinction between Judea and Samaria. We have the right to settle in both so long as we do not deprive the Arabs and take their sensitivities into account."

The Entebbe rescue has of course made Rabin a vastly more popular leader. But despite the show of unity in the face of an external threat, the internal conflicts are as stormy as ever. And, instead of setting policy for dealing with the West Bank, Rabin has promised that no portion of it will be returned until a national referendum is held. Instead of taking on the Gush Emunim in a clear and firm manner, the coalition government has adopted a characteristic stance: it has decided not to decide.

Thirty-year-old Daniela Weiss is chic and well-groomed. You would hardly peg her as a religious woman; more the sort to be strolling down Tel Aviv's busy Dizengoff on a Friday afternoon, pausing to sip some coffee in an outdoor café. But here she is in Kadum, sitting in a rude little caravan with only a sterno for making coffee. Tonight she is feeling tense. Her two little girls are not sleeping well, and next to her on the couch that doubles as her bed is yet another visitor who will probably fail to understand why she is no longer living in her comfortable house in the Tel Aviv suburb of Ramat Gan. They're very clear, she says, those reasons why she is challenging her government and enduring so much opposition. To grasp them you have to try to picture her before October 1973.

"I had only a vague picture of what was going on in Israel and abroad," she says. "Unconsciously, I put my total reliance in the government and the army. I felt safe. But the Yom Kippur war was the greatest shock I went through in my life—even though no one in my family, none of my close friends, were wounded or killed; and even though I knew we had a very strong army, that we were capable as Jews and as Israelis in an independent country. But I also knew we didn't have the upper hand. And I felt the reason was rooted in some kind of corruption—something was rotten in the state of Israel."

The corruption, she began to believe, had to do with the lack of values, in turn the result of improper education in the schools and homes. "Creating an independent Israel was such an effort, it made so many demands on the people here. For the first twenty years, people lived in such hard conditions. We achieved things fast. But then we became tired and we became spoiled. We started going after material things until they became basic in our lives. The more we got, the more we wanted. We justified it by saying we had a full right to it. 'Look at what we went through,' we said.

"Then we got to the point where we became like other people, where we were imitating Western culture. Materialism is wrong for everyone, but it's a more serious problem for Jews. We cannot adopt Western values of making peace and love because life for a Jew is always more cruel than it is for people anywhere else in the world. Anti-Semitism exists—they declare it in the U.N. To me, this is clear; to others, unfortunately, it is not.

"It says in the Bible that we will always have to be on the alert," she continued. "But people don't know their Bible. For me, the Bible is a way of life. It tells me how to live. My connection with what it means to be Jewish is only because of the Bible."

Her resolve to take action, Daniela recalls, was fortified when it looked as though the government was about to cede Judea and Samaria to the former occupying power, Jordan. The very fact that people could refer to those places as the West Bank—or worse, West Jordan—showed how distorted their sense of geography had become. Imagine giving up the legacy of the covenant, the land reconquered by Joshua following the years in the wilderness. She would sooner give up Tel Aviv, which, after all, had belonged to the Philistines at the time of King David.

In the succeeding months Daniela and her husband, an economist, tried—really tried, she insists—to operate within normal channels. With two other couples they formed a group that eventually numbered 200 families. They petitioned the government for permission to settle in Western Samaria, hoping that the proximity of the selected sites to the Green Line (pre-1967 border of Israel) would make a Jewish presence seem necessary for security reasons. Despite the acquiescence of several Cabinet ministers, the project failed. The Weisses felt frustrated. The Kissinger shuttles heightened their anger. A weak and misguided government was again making concessions to a sworn enemy. The Weisses decided to join forces with the settlers who called themselves Elon Moreh.

By then Elon Moreh and its supporters were trying for the seventh time to install themselves in an abandoned railway station in Sebastiye, a Samarian town that was the capital of Israel during the seventh and eighth centuries B.C. Six times before they had been removed by Israeli soldiers, sometimes after fierce clashes. Daniela sifted through the clutter of her urban existence, even attending to minor errands like returning library books that were not yet due. "I made every possible effort to prepare emotionally for disconnecting myself from my past," she recalls. "I felt that I would never again live in my home in Ramat Gan." The seventh Sebastiye failed, too, and Daniela spent some hours in a Jerusalem jail.

Number eight was different. It began at night during a Chanukah downpour. The weather was proof of a miracle, Daniela is convinced. The thought of several thousand people shivering in the cold rain must have touched the hearts of people lighting their Menorahs in the warmth of their homes. A week later Elon Moreh was still at the station. Finally, the government—divided and hoping to avoid violence—agreed to compromise: thirty families would be allowed to move to tem-

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porary quarters at the nearby army base of Kadum.

It was nearly six months later when we talked, and the government had recently announced, after a prolonged Cabinet meeting, that the settlers would have to move again to an unspecified location. There were reports that the new site to be offered them was near Ramallah and within the perimeters of the Allon Plan, the peace scheme that would retain a security belt in the West Bank while returning the more heavily populated areas. The Allon Plan, which was first proposed in 1967 and has never been officially approved, does not permit settlements in Samaria. In response, Elon Moreh had said it would accept relocation only within the "heart" of Samaria. It intends to stay within a 10-kilometer radius of Shechem, Daniela explained. And if the government refused, as was likely? She was hoping that pressure from the settlers' many supporters would again force its hand.

Kadum settler Avraham Mintz, one of the leaders of the Passover march, is a polite and modest man, not the type to inflict war stories on you unless you ask. Then he will tell you about Mount Biriyyah, a secret Jewish military training camp, and how it was evacuated by the British in 1946. The camp was passing itself off as a kibbutz, but the British found arms there, and Avraham Mintz was one of the people arrested and put in jail. Happily, that was not the end of the settlement; ten days later, it was resurrected as Biriyyah Bet by 3,000 young people who climbed the mountain and worked furiously in the harsh nighttime weather to build cottages and a fence—and even plant some trees—before the sun rose. Again they were evicted and again they came back. Ultimately, the British relented and allowed thirty families to stay.

Thirty families, just like Kadum. "When you compare Biriyyah and Kadum, they sound similar," says Mintz. "But then it was the British, and now it's our own government. I'm sorry to have to make the comparison."

More recently, Mintz and his son were jailed again, this time for participating in an illegal demonstration outside the King David Hotel, when Henry Kissinger was staying there. They were protesting against the news that part of the Sinai was being returned to Egypt.

There are several immigrants from America at Kadum. For David Levine, 30, this is his first Israeli home. When he lived in the States, he told me, he marched in demonstrations against the war in Vietnam. Now, he's fighting another government. "We don't want violence and neither do they," he says. "The government will fall if it introduces force."

Brooklyn-born Linda Hazony, a 33-year-old mother of four, really enjoys the casual neighborliness, the communal life at Kadum. "It's nice, it's warm," she says as settlers drop into her caravan for cookies and coffee. Most of the others look forward to when they can eat in private with their own families. They may be pioneers, they explain, but they are not kibbutzniks. They want to build nice homes eventually, just like the ones they still maintain on the other side of the Green Line.

The vast majority are professionally trained, and many have held onto their old jobs. Some, like the Chens, are outstanding in their fields—the father is a professor of anaesthesiology, the son a heart surgeon. But the wealth of the Chens and other settlers would not be sufficient to finance the Gush Emunim and its costly demonstrations. Some of the movement's support comes from small donations, sometimes sent anonymously. Much of it undoubtedly also comes from wealthy nationalistic Zionists, both in Israel and abroad.

Bas, Tachydromos, Greece

The settlers are oblivious to large practical considerations. Ask them how Israel is to absorb an additional population of more than a million Arabs if it holds onto the territories, and they will tell you the numbers game can be won eventually through spurred immigration. They don't want to steal any land, they insist. And they see no reason why they can't live peacefully alongside Samaritan Arabs under an Israeli flag. Nevertheless, every caravan is equipped with a rifle, and everyone agrees it would be foolish to leave the camp without one.

When the settlers first arrived, one of the leaders of the Arab village within view of the Kadum camp gave an interview to a television reporter. "Either they will kill us or we will kill them," said Shukri Ahmad Da'ath, a mukhtar of Kfar Kadum. But according to Avraham Mintz, the mukhtar didn't really mean that. You see, said Mintz, the Israeli reporter put the question in such a way as to provoke exactly that answer. He asked the mukhtar, "What do you say about these people who came to take your land?" So what else could the mukhtar reply?

There has been almost no contact between the settlers and their new neighbors. Mintz himself drove over to

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Kfar Kadum a couple of times to try to show good will by purchasing produce, but there was nothing to buy.

"With what do I want to kill the Jews? With my hands?" asks Araf Ibrahim Abbas as he welcomes us to Kfar Kadum with four packages of foreign cigarettes, sweetened tea and chocolates. He is blind in one eye and he smiles a lot. He tells us how his people and Israel are "very much friends," as if the men in his village had never fought against the Jewish state in the Jordanian army. While we talk on the veranda of his hilltop home, he is surrounded by children, some of them his own. Even outside the air has a rancid odor, reminding the visitors that the village functions without running water. Next to the house is a primitive corn mill and an olive press. Together they comprise the industry of Kfar Kadum. Kfar Kadum had 5,000 inhabitants before 1967, according to Abbas, but half of them are now living elsewhere in Arab countries, many because they fled during the Six Day War.

Our host concedes that there has been progress since the occupation. A large number of villagers earn a living by commuting to Tel Aviv, Petah Tikvah and Holon, where they work in construction, in factories or as gardeners. In 1973, the town was wired for electricity. The girls are going to school for the first time. And the two clans of the village—the Eshtewi and the Kamiri—seem to get along better than they once did. For hundreds of years, ancestors of the two families have lived here, says Abbas. Between them they own four motor vehicles —the Eshtewi have a bus, the Kamiri a taxi and each family possesses its own Volkswagen.

What difference can Elon Moreh make to such a backward village? Abbas doesn't use terms like self-determination or Palestinian nationalism. He gestures toward the hills. "They want to take more land, not only the military camp," he says. "They want what's in front and behind and around. We have no life here besides our land. Where can we go?"

There is something undeniably attractive—even romantic—about the Gush Emunim. A small nation—even with its present boundaries it represents only about 22 per cent of what was originally known as Palestine—is surrounded by twenty Arab countries who don't seem to want it to survive. The stateless Palestinians have a corner on the sympathies of most of the world, which has forgotten, perhaps conveniently, that Jordan was once part of the British Mandate and is even today a predominantly Palestinian country under Hashemite rule. The events in Lebanon don't exactly lend support to the notion that a stable Palestinian nation can exist in peace on the West Bank. Meanwhile, Israel is forever being criticized, forever being held to a higher standard of behavior than everyone else. A great outcry is heard when an Arab girl is killed in Nablus by an Israeli soldier. The same day, a Jewish woman dies of wounds incurred during an earlier terrorist bombing in Jerusalem. That event passes almost unnoticed.

Moreover, isn't it true that today's extremism may be tomorrow's heroism? In a controversial newspaper article, writer Ephraim Kishon implied a comparison with the Irgun and the Stern Gang, adding that "all the historical deeds we tend to be ashamed of turned out to have been for the good of the country." He also described the Gush Emunim as the Israeli leadership's "most convincing reply to Dr. Kissinger when he once again urges us to make concessions to Sadat and Assad because they're under such heavy pressure from their extremists. . . ."

Yet, in a way, the Gush Emunim has the same appeal as Jimmy Carter's evangelism or the epiphanies of Werner Erhard. Easy, uplifting answers for complex problems. If more people were imbued with a religious education, they would know and appreciate the immediacy of the Bible. Once having been reborn as real Jews, they would be less put off by the material sacrifices required by a pioneering life in Israel. The alarming trend—the fact that emigration is fast equaling immigration—would certainly be reversed. The spirit and purpose of living in Israel would be restored. More Jews in the Diaspora, including those with education, skills and money, would want to come. And as the Entebbe rescue demonstrated, once the world saw that Israel was a strong and decisive country, it would gain respect. The Arabs are never going to love us anyway; our only hope lies in making them fear us.

Knesset member Itzhak Ben-Aharon is one of the few political figures who is generally revered by the shards of the small and forever factious Israeli Left. "Many people would like to raise their heads above daily bread-and-butter issues," he says. "It's so simple the Gush Emunim's way. They say, 'This is our land, our Bible. We're all ringed about by enemies after our blood. The government is gray and under siege. Here's a possibility to break out—Hallelujah!' " Even former army chief of staff and Masada archeologist Yigael Yadin, whose recent entry into political life has attracted considerable enthusiasm, says he admires the "spirit" of Gush Emunim, although he deplores the group's disregard for the law.

Uniformly, the settlers deny they are breaking the law. "That's nonsense!" snapped a spokesman for Zahal, the Israel Defense Forces. Under military regulations for the West Bank, which have the force of law, no Israeli who isn't a permanent resident of the area may stay there more than forty-eight hours. And he can't become a permanent resident without government permission. How can you run a democracy, many Israelis ask, when some extremists answer to higher laws? If you condone lawlessness in one place, how can you control it elsewhere? How are you going to get people to start filing tax returns and stop defaulting on their debts? Look where it's all leading: people put up buildings and when the authorities try to demolish them—as officials did last spring in the Hatikvah quarter of Tel Aviv—the neighborhood riots, some going so far as to lob hand grenades at the police. Jews battling Jews, they say, that's where it leads.

And so it does. It is a truism in Israel that otherwise contentious people are willing to bow to the wishes of a strong and persuasive leadership. This government has infuriated both hawks and doves. "After the 1967 war," says a hawk, "we had the friendship and hospitality—whether real or affected—of the Arabs in the territories. They were assuming we were there to stay. But as the years have gone by, time has been on their side. We act

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as though we don't belong there." A typical dovish view: "Israel will now have to pay twice more, four times more —much more, anyway—than we would have had to pay before the Yom Kippur war."

Since Entebbe, there have been glimmers of government resolve to strong-arm Gush Emunim. Recently, some members were prevented by army roadblocks from settling in the West Bank town of Jericho. Residents of Kiryat Arba, the militant Gush Emunim settlement that borders the city of Hebron, have been engaging in such provocative incidents involving their Arab neighbors that even Defense Minister Peres has criticized them. Yet negotiations on removing the settlers from Kadum appear to be at a standstill.

The government that won't decide has created a vacuum. The absence of a clear peace plan has frightened people, making it understandable why a small group of rabbis and settlers has been able to exert an influence much larger than its numbers would warrant. When it becomes obvious that a government has ceded its independence, the climate changes to one in which the rhetoric of an embattled minority can thrive.

The United States is about to play Emergency Financial Control Board to Israel's Mayor Beame. The bill has almost come due. Campaign rhetoric aside, nearly everyone expects that, some time next year, the newly elected U.S. administration will order Israel to start giving up the territories without necessarily obtaining concessions from the Arabs. The Gush Emunim and other so-called "maximalists," who took to the streets over the Sinai agreements, will no doubt be ready for a long, intense battle. "There could be civil war over this issue," warns a Knesset member. "Next to that, the other demonstrations will look like a garden party." □

RESEARCH AND PUBLICITY

CANCER'S FRONT-PAGE TREATMENT

TOM LEE

Until recently, the symbiotic relationship between cancer researchers and the press seemed simple, lofty of purpose, and advantageous all around. Only four years ago—when President Nixon was calling for a Manhattan Project style of attack on cancer—a scientist could release his preliminary results to key reporters, and soon someone in Washington would be asking why this project wasn't better funded. Eventually, everyone would be happy—the press had a story, the scientist had a grant, and the public had hope.

Today, however, a suspicion is growing that the influence of the press on the cancer program is complex and dubious—that sensationalized, intensely personal stories about the disease and its victims have resulted in an exaggeration of cancer's importance in the country's overall biomedical research, and thrown the emphasis on possibly futile attempts to cure it rather than on trying to understand it and reduce its environmental causes. Critics like James D. Watson, Nobel Prize winner and author of *The Double Helix*, add that some exotic, fruitless clinical research has been fostered at the expense of glamorless fundamental studies of the cell, because of the public's desperate perception of cancer's unique horrors—a perception mediated mostly by journalists.

The press *has* done a poor job of reporting cancer, even if coverage of individual cases such as Betty Ford's mastectomy may have saved some lives. And journalism's shortcomings in the area reflect its weaknesses in covering all the sciences. One source of difficulty is the emergence of science as the cultural religion of our time, an apparently pure approach to the universe that steadily distills truth out of mystery. Sometimes science actually works that way, but journalists attribute to researchers, the calling's high priests, a selflessness and infallibility that ignores their human nature. Only a few reporters seem aware of competitiveness and jealousy among scientific colleagues, or the Byzantine politics of grantsmanship.

When journalists who are themselves struggling with the language of science try to make its progress readable, they tend to ignore these distractions. And in their pursuit of a good story they often exaggerate the practical significance of an esoteric discovery. So reporters sometimes don't bother to learn where data end and the possible begins, or whether a scientist who happens to be accessible for comment expresses the consensus of the scientific community. Sometimes they haven't wanted to know.

Cancer stories expose these weaknesses particularly well, because the disease—statistical significance aside—has a special place among American nightmares. The causes defy explanation, and the incidence appears cruelly random. The death is prolonged, painful and undignified, and can leave a family broken financially as well as emotionally. When a neighbor is stricken, the news travels in whispers—to everyone except the patient in some cases. Americans know the horror story by heart—cancer, after all, has created not only deeply moving reporting but also books and films.

Thus cancer has separated itself from other scientific problems. Doctors, who must treat the fear as well as the disease, go through verbal gymnastics to avoid the word. Patients with fatal but non-neoplastic ailments have been reported to lie awake at night worrying about cancer. A gruesome distinction has been drawn between two ways of dying—the quick, clean, reasonably good way,

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and the bad way: cancer. Journalism has thrived on this attitude, any tentative identification of a possible carcinogen forecasting certain doom, and any progress being termed a breakthrough. Cancer is front-page news.

This atmosphere of strong fear and giddy hope hit Washington in strength during the Nixon administration, when politicians—already struggling with Vietnam, Chile and busing—began to fall over one another to prove who hated cancer most. Even as support for research in general fell, funds for cancer studies skyrocketed. Since 1970, appropriations for the National Cancer Institute (NCI) have risen 280 per cent to a current $690 million (for another Congressional favorite, the National Heart Institute, they rose 104 per cent). Meanwhile, funds for the National Institute of Health's other research components rose by just 11 per cent, to a dollar figure which, adjusted for inflation, represented a real drop of 13 per cent.

One set of figures implies that, because the money flows so freely, standards may be lower for cancer research programs than for other areas of health study. In percentage of grant applications found worthy of funding over the past few years, according to a recent piece in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, the NCI led the field with 62 per cent; proposals by the rest of the NIH found favor only 53 per cent of the time.

Last September, two U.S. Senators who tried to bring cancer appropriations under tighter control were attacked as if they had suggested surrendering Guam to the Soviet Union. Sens. Alan Cranston (D., Calif.) and Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.) proposed reducing NCI projected funding by $100 million and NHI funding by $50 million, and redistributing $50 million of the savings among other NIH institutions. These cuts would have still left the NCI with an increase of $134 million over its 1975 budget, and the NHI with an increase of $25.8 million.

Their amendment was overwhelmingly rejected. Sen. Warren Magnuson (D., Wash.), who as a Representative introduced the bill creating the NCI in 1937, noted: "If we could poll the American people right now and ask them. 'What headline would you like to see in your morning paper when you wake up tomorrow?' most or all of them would answer four words: 'Cure for Cancer Found.' " Senator Magnuson obviously knows a thing or two about striking headlines; he probably also knows that the chance of that one appearing in a reputable paper while he is still Senator—no matter how much money is spent on cancer research—is negligible. "The solution," one prominent researcher observed back when Magnuson proposed the NCI, "will come when science is ready for it, and cannot be hastened by pouring sums of money into the effort." Almost forty years and billions of dollars later, the comment is still valid.

One product of the popular interest and public money is an extraordinary pressure on researchers to come up with the kind of findings that will make modest headlines, please politicians, placate voters—and bring in more funds. The nuts and bolts of science appear in the professional journals but a researcher who can get his work and his institution covered by *The New York Times* is nevertheless a valuable commodity. Having "star quality" depends on more than IQ, and researchers know that their work must have obvious clinical implications to draw attention and support. Winning grants often seems a more consuming goal than whipping cancer.

Many scientists, like Watson, are worried about the effects of this attitude on research in general, and cancer studies in particular. There's reason for their concern. William Summerlin, the researcher who left the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research in disgrace two years ago after an investigation confirmed that he had falsified data to fit his theories, said his actions were due in part to the "professional pressure" to publicize his work and prepare grant applications. Before his fall, Summerlin's work had been deemed exciting—and newsworthy—research. Such deceptions are rare, but researchers continue a drive to produce flashy results, often by skimping on the nonclinical basic research that many scientists feel must precede any real understanding of cancer.

Watson has speculated that a half century may pass before some of the fundamental questions about cancer are answered, but such pessimism is overwhelmed in the press by a light-at-the-end-of-the-tunnel atmosphere created by exaggerated reports of breakthroughs. For example, the American Cancer Society's science editor, Alan C. Davis, wrote in the March 1975 issue of the *Columbia Journalism Review* that "Cancer is indeed one of the most curable diseases in the country." The truth is that the NCI claims over the last twenty years "definitive progress" with forms of cancer that account for only 20 per cent of the disease, and "slow but steady progress" in an additional 22 per cent. But sober statistics and long-range programs make poor stories. Mention any length of time greater than ten years, many reporters and politicians believe, and Americans lose interest.

That's why Rep. Daniel Flood (D., Pa.) said to a NCI official at a budget hearing four years ago. "Every time the phone rings, I expect to pick it up and have you tell me that we have broken through in cancer virus research." Last year, $90 million was spent on that virus program; no human cancer virus has yet been uncovered.

On the other hand, only $45 million of the current NCI budget has been allotted to carcinogen research, a sum that seems low in view of the World Health Organization's estimate that up to 85 per cent of all cancers are the direct results of exposure to environmental factors. Most doctors realize that man's longer life expectancy has come about from improved standards of living, not from surgical innovations; and that preventive medicine —not miracle cures—is responsible for eradicating infectious diseases. The Occupational Safety and Health Act was passed in 1970, but currently there are only about 1,300 inspectors for more than 4 million work places. Routine visits to all of them would occupy this staff for almost a decade.

Many Washington lobbies oppose more active regulation of carcinogens, and saving the maximum number of lives is not the only priority in medical research, especially in the highly publicized fields. Politicians, not physicians, decide how research money is spent, and they must satisfy their constituents' fears as well as their needs. This dichotomy is demonstrated in a joke about the budgetary problems of the National Institute of General

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Medical Sciences, which is almost alone among NIH institutions in that it does not have a disease in its title. Since no one ever dies of "general medical sciences," the joke goes, the NIGMS comes out worst in the budget.

But many Americans die each year of cancers that, even though they began twenty years ago, seem immediate traumas. Because their stories are so engrossing, the press has underplayed critical public health issues, such as labor-management disputes over what levels of carcinogens are permissible in work places. From the viewpoint of a journalist, that makes sense: the struggle to save one doomed child sells more newspapers than stories about rulings that will save thousands of lives statistically.

Eventually, however, reporters must decide whether their writing is journalism, or only what H.R. Haldeman used to call "the media"—a series of glimpses of brightly colored ideas. Thus far, science has been reported mostly as a curiosity, not as a major, ongoing influence in modern life. If stories are meant to provide more emotion than information, scientists are justified when they threaten to boycott the press, and carry on their work in secrecy. But Americans have the right to know about cancer research (they are, after all, footing the bill) and a news blackout directed against the responsible press would only serve less principled researchers. Ironically, the press alone can put cancer in perspective, and more comprehensive coverage, not less, will generate the sober reporting that can remove some of the myths around the disease. Editors can take precautions to insure that their coverage of medicine meets the standards of honesty, accuracy and evenhandedness they apply to reporting more conventional news. One measure would be to assign more reporters with scientific backgrounds to these stories. Another would be to collect the standard "well-placed" and "reliable sources," who can offer unbiased evaluations of rumors, theories, and scientists. Perhaps most important would be a careful study of the politics of the biomedical research enterprise.

Some responsibility lies with the scientists, who must remember that they are speaking in a public forum, where understanding is limited and needs seem immediate. Some scientists have called for the formation of quasi-judicial scientific bodies that would investigate apparent conflicts in the public dissemination of scientific ideas. And finally, the public must learn to accept "I dont' know" as an answer from researchers, and find the most tolerable ways to live with our gaps in knowledge. □

BRITAIN OUT-PLANS THE U.S.

ENERGY POLICIES THERE AND HERE

ROBERT A. KOLBE

London

While the energy policies of the United States and Great Britain are identical when proclaimed in simplest terms, their implementations are quite different and of seriously divergent quality, with U.S. policy suffering by comparison. And when one examines the actual results to date of the two policies, it becomes apparent that U.S. policy is failing because, strangely enough, economically staggered Britain not only has more energy resources in the ground than does the United States, but has lured away U.S. dollars and energy companies to develop these resources.

In basic terms both countries say they wish to become energy self-sufficient without spoiling the natural environment. But once having said this, the United States and Britain immediately go in opposite directions toward short- and intermediate-term goals. England is leaping to energy self-sufficiency; it will provide one-quarter of its own oil this year, starting from zero less than a year ago. Meanwhile, the United States is rapidly retreating from its once-envied energy position; oil imports are up to 40 per cent and going higher.

Energy minister Anthony Wedgwood Benn has quietly spent much time in America in the last two years, negotiating with oil companies and banks for their participation in and support of development of North Sea oil and gas. He held a good hand—highest quality untapped reserves—and played it magnificently. By doing so Britain has siphoned off most of the available money for exploration and development currently available in the West.

It is just this success by Benn that dooms Project Independence (which seeks U.S. energy independence by 1980) to abject failure. U.S. oil companies have placed so many near and long-term bets in the North Sea, where the odds for a payoff are much greater than at home, that short and intermediate U.S. energy plans will certainly fail. Congress has been so pushed around by the oil companies since World War II that even hope for a rational long-term U.S. energy policy has been well-nigh impossible. The oil companies couldn't be less interested in U.S. energy independence. Profits are their game, and they are not at all particular about where they are made or at whose expense.

All the intermediate stops which the U.S. pulls out to achieve energy independence in the 1980s and 1990s are sounding dull notes. Natural gas production, which is dropping much faster in the United States than oil, is driving much of the industry there to seek substitutes which all have a hollow ring. Natural gas output continues to decline at a yearly rate of 5 per cent in the United States, while Britain's North Sea gas production already provides 97 per cent of the United Kingdom's domestic needs and moves higher. Exports of natural gas from Britain to the United States will begin soon. (Britain is

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already exporting some of its newly landed oil to Europe.)

Short-term substitutes for oil and natural gas in the States are propane, synthetic natural gas, imported liquefied natural gas (LNG) and coal. For the longer future, both Britain and the United States pin their hopes on atomic power and even more sophisticated (and it is hoped less dangerous) energy sources.

Propane is clean burning and is derived from liquefied petroleum, but 70 per cent of LP gas is extracted from natural gas. So this alternative is not a "meaningful" U.S. energy substitute. Synthetic natural gas is made from naphtha and propane, but naphtha also is extracted from natural gas liquids, and is thus part of yet another U.S. energy scramble.

Imported liquefied natural gas, which the United States is opting for at present, introduces problems of liquefaction, transportation by special tankers, and construction of facilities to regasify it and store it. It is subject to price jumps and supply uncertainties.

While there is no shortage of coal in the United States or Britain, there are the environmental problems of mining and burning it. Burning requires huge investment in pollution control equipment, as well as costly replacement of boilers and installation of coal-handling devices.

In Britain energy policy proceeds calmly, hand in hand with energy research. That, of course, is partly because the U.K. has the time and the present resources to work out the future in an orderly way. The United States is not only strapped for oil and natural gas; it has equally worrying problems with other critical raw materials. It is not commonly appreciated that supplies of high-grade iron ore are running out in the United States. Moving from self-sufficiency in this vital ore, it has let its imports creep up to about 35 per cent of its yearly needs.

As for chromium and titanium, vital to stainless and exotic steel production, almost 100 per cent comes from abroad, and from countries like South Africa, Rhodesia and Russia, no less. How many know that more than half of U.S. chrome comes from Russia? No wonder that the United States makes huge wheat commitments to Russia, pushing up the domestic price of food. Aside from copper, food is the only raw material the United States has in superabundance. And though it shudders to admit it, food *is* the largest and most powerful bargaining card in its dwindling deck.

So Britain can approach energy with calm and precise thinking. According to its recently released *Energy R&D in the United Kingdom*, it "seeks to use the breathing space given to the U.K. by North Sea oil and gas to assess thoroughly the alternative technologies and to invest in developing those selected for opening valuable options at reasonable cost."

Basically the U.K. energy document gives priority to energy conservation, coal and nuclear power, now that Britain knows it will be self-sufficient in oil and gas by 1980 and should remain so for the rest of the century.

Particular concentration is being placed on the U.K. becoming a more efficient user of energy. Leading in this move are the environment-minded labor unions, which fear that geographically tiny Britain could ravage itself in the process of producing enough fossil fuels and atomic power in an age of still-increasing populations.

Already Britain is rapidly enacting stringent energy use and conservation rules. "Improving efficiency with which energy is used," says the document, "is only one way of saving energy. It is equally important to reduce the rate of increase in the need for it.

"Thermal insulation of existing buildings," the discussion document continues, "better energy housekeeping and management, using less material or materials with a

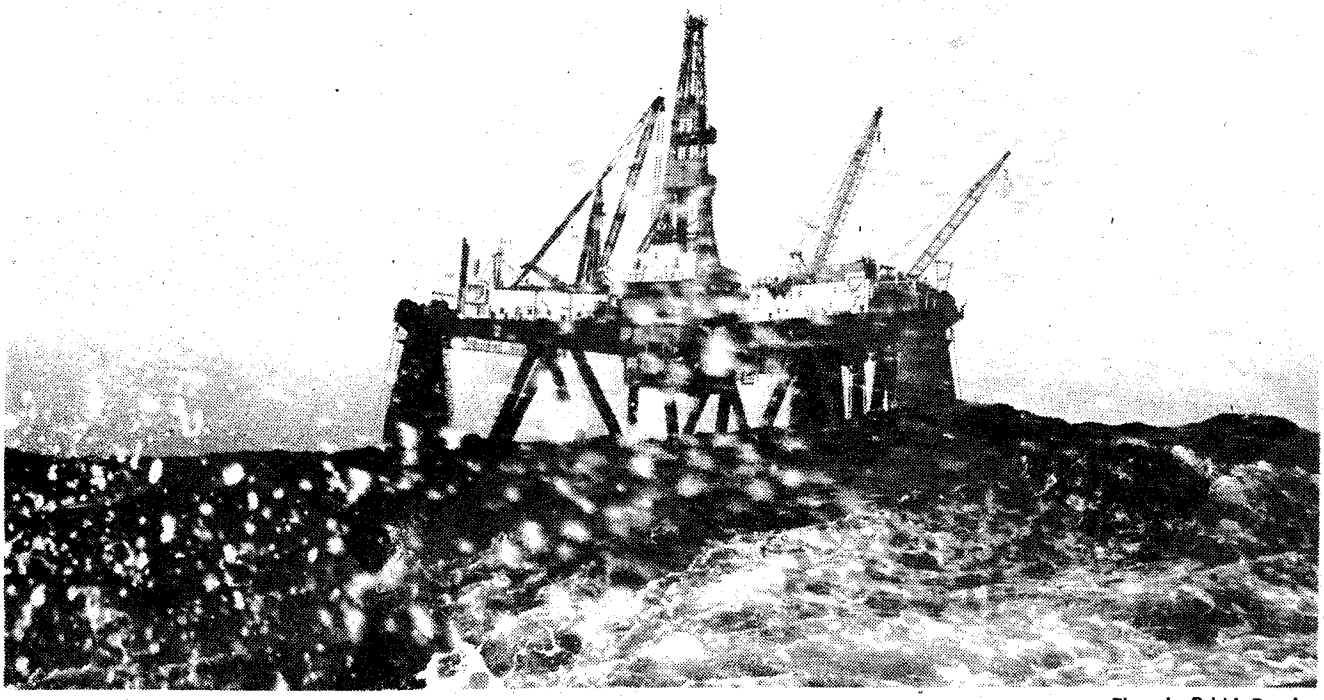

Photo by British Petroleum

Drilling Platform in the North Sea, East of Aberdeen

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lower energy content, and switching modes of transport can reduce the need for energy."

Britain's Trades Union Congress (TUC) is determined to see that U.K. energy-saving plans succeed. In a recent paper the TUC said: "Sloppy practice or the use of an inappropriate energy-saving technology can be uncovered by trade unionists through direct observation at the shop floor or by comparing their firms' performance with that of a comparable, but ideally managed firm."

And Britain's labor movement is determined to influence the U.K.'s energy future in an even more basic way. Arthur Scargill, president of Britain's National Union of Mineworkers, has urged the setting up of a single authority to embrace the various energy industries and one overall energy union. He has said that Britain's indigenous fuels should be complementary to each other, not in competition. He calls for the development of tidal and solar energy, but warns against the use of nuclear energy.

Scargill criticized the government for previous failure to plan energy requirements generations ahead. "Britain has lost more money in her balance of payments as a result of mistaken policies by previous governments on the question of energy than it would have taken to competely recapitalize half of the British manufacturing industry." He calls for planning, guaranteed output levels, and a gradual increase in coal used in the years ahead. The aim should be 200 million tons of coal a year by 1985, he said.

But while Scargill decried nuclear power, energy planners in their recent discussion document went the way of the United States for long-term energy. They urged that the uranium available in the world could be made to meet energy demands for centuries by the introduction of the fast reactor, which liberates sixty times as much energy from uranium as thermal reactors.

Thus energy policy, while on the surface calm and reasoned in Britain, because of its fortuitous North Sea finds, is still subject to a final great national debate in the next decade. Nuclear power will bid with the energy sources of the future—energy of sun, moon, wind, wave and tidal power. Further ahead is geothermal power, says the energy discussion report, which was issued by the Advisory Council on Research and Development for Fuel and Power (ACORD). Still further ahead for Britain, according to its energy planners, is fusion power, the development of which will not be sufficiently advanced to contribute to U.K. energy supply for another fifty years. But the taste of recent British energy success is a good one. It has created an appetite for planning that is far in advance of what exists in the United States. □

THE STEELWORKERS

Sadlowski and the New Insurgency

PHILIP NYDEN

District 31 of the United Steelworkers of America, which encompasses the industrial crescent stretching from Chicago to northwestern Indiana, has rocked the International union boat once again. Two years ago a young staff representative and former local union president, Edward Sadlowski, challenged the machine which had ruled the district since the union's tumultuous birth during the depression. In 1974 Sadlowski emerged the 2-to-1 victor over Samuel Evett, the incumbent leadership's choice, in a rerun of a February 1973 district election that was called after extensive election fraud had been uncovered. This past April another wave of reform swept through the Chicago-Calumet region. The same steelworkers who had spent months campaigning for "Eddie" in 1973 and 1974 returned to their local unions and did some of their own spring cleaning. Attacking corruption in local unions and calling for a stronger membership voice in determining both local and international union policy, insurgent caucuses defeated local leaders supported by the International.

Nearly three-fourths of the district's 130,000 steelworkers are now members of locals controlled by Sadlowski supporters; before the triennial union elections only a handful of locals had leaders who sided with the rebel district director. The significance of the April house cleaning is twofold. First, Sadlowski has obviously increased his own political strength in both the district and International union. Second, local caucuses proved that they could build rank-and-file organizations strong enough to oust well-established local union leaders.

Having consolidated his support in the largest district of the union, one that represents 10 per cent of the USWA's 1.4 million members, and with elections for the union's top international officers coming up next February, Sadlowski has his eye on the president's post, now occupied by I.W. Abel. President since 1965, when he left his position as secretary-treasurer to defeat then USWA President David J. McDonald, Abel must retire next year according to the USWA constitution. If Sadlowski is a candidate, he will face Lloyd McBride, a district leader from St. Louis who is thought to be in the Abel tradition.

Ironically, the same issues which Abel used to defeat McDonald in 1965 are now being used to denounce his administration. McDonald's hobnobbing with company executives—his "tuxedo unionism"—undermined his credi-

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bility among the union membership and enabled challenger Abel to dislodge him. Today, Abel is being taken to task for similar faults. In 1973 he signed an Experimental Negotiating Agreement with the major steel companies. Many union members are outraged by the ENA's no-strike clause which is in force until 1980. Upon receiving a $150 bonus after the signing of the agreement, more than one steelworker likened Abel to Pontius Pilate [see Bogdanich, "Steel: No-Strike and Other Deals," *The Nation,* September 7, 1974].

Abel's own form of "tuxedo unionism" does not stop with the ENA. He has appeared in full-page newspaper ads and posters, paid for by U.S. Steel and calling for increased productivity. Steelworkers are not entirely pleased with a union president whose picture appears below the U.S. Steel motto, "We're involved." In a 1973 letter requesting plant officials to remove the ads from plant bulletin boards, U.S. Steel executive J. Bruce Johnston wrote, "We have all feared overexposure of I.W. Abel on this whole ENA-productivity question, and we have recognized the risk of setting him up for his political opposition by too much identity with us. He has trusted USS not to do this."

Cooperation with U.S. Steel's advertising and marketing department and the signing of the ENA have not been the only factors contributing to the widening gap between the rank and file and its elected leaders. Increases in membership dues and officers' salaries have long been sore spots among union members. Pandemonium broke loose on the floor of the 1974 constitutional convention when Vice President John Johns slammed his gavel down to railroad through a dues hike. Soon thereafter, similar methods were used to assure passage of an amendment increasing the International officers' annual salaries to $75,000. A technicality in the rules was used to deny delegates a roll-call vote on the dues increase. This maintained the union's perfect record of never having a delegate roll-call vote at a constitutional convention.

All these factors have fueled the dissension within the union. With the impressive victories of Sadlowski's supporters in April, the maverick district director is very much a viable candidate for the union presidency. At the USWA constitutional convention held during the last week in August, Sadlowski stated that he was "99.9 per cent certain" that he would seek the union post. Prior to this announcement his intention to run seemed to be assumed in the mill community. In fact, preparations to organize a nationwide campaign have been underway for months. Even the national media have become aware of this. Recently the CBS *60 Minutes* crew, including Dan Rather, visited the grimy streets of South Chicago and Indiana Harbor to interview Sadlowski and film some of the April campaigning at local union halls.

But the significance of the April elections goes beyond pushing Edward Sadlowski into the national limelight. A more salient aspect was the ability of the rank-and-file organizations to throw out well-established local leaders who had the backing of the International's political machine and of powerful local Democratic Party politicians. Some of these rank-and-file organizations have been fighting the union machine with limited success since the early 1940s. Others were only recently spawned by the 1973-74 Sadlowski campaign.

Insurgent candidates won by 2-to-1 margins at two of the USWA's largest locals—17,000-member Local 1010 at Inland Steel in East Chicago, Ind., and 9,000-member Local 65 at U.S. Steel's South Works in Chicago. Jim Balanoff and John Chico, the newly elected presidents of 1010 and 65 respectively, led slates that swept into almost all the top local union posts. In northwest Indiana other pro-Sadlowski challengers won at Youngstown Sheet and Tube, U.S. Steel's Sheet and Tin Mill, National Steel's Midwest Mill, and Bethlehem's Burns Harbor complex. On the Chicago side of the district, insurgent victories were scored from the smaller foundries on the south side of the city to the aluminum can locals on the west side. Other district locals outside the basic steel industry also elected Sadlowski supporters into office. The "nonferrous" locals will be crucial in a national campaign since they constitute more than one-half of the union's membership.

Forces sympathetic to Sadlowski also fared well outside of District 31. Locals at Jones and Laughlin in Cleveland and Youngstown Sheet and Tube in Youngstown, Ohio, re-elected strong critics of the national administration. In western Pennsylvania—the heart of Abel territory—a group called "Workers in Protest" booted out the incumbent administration of the 10,000-member local representing employees at the Jones and Laughlin mill in Aliquippa. Scores of other large locals from Buffalo, N.Y. to Fontana, Calif. ushered in reform leaders.

This is not to say that "anti-establishment" slates took over all the local union posts. In District 31 Bill Todd and Jim Lyons, two black steelworkers running for local union president at U.S. Steel in Gary and Republic Steel in South Chicago respectively, lost to white opponents. Todd had served as Local 1014 vice president prior to the April elections, but failed to receive the endorsement of the local's president, Harry Piasecki, who was stepping down. Even though Todd had run on the same slate as Piasecki three years earlier, the incumbent organization refused to break the unwritten rule which permits blacks to occupy the vice presidential slot and executive board seats, but has barred them from the top office.

Jim Lyons contends that was the central factor in the election at his 4,500-member Local 1033 at Republic Steel. Voting was "chopped up" along racial and ethnic lines, allowing the incumbent white local president, Frank Guzzo, to win, while Lyons and a third candidate, a Mexican, split the remaining vote. The result appears to have been an outward expression of underlying racial and ethnic antagonisms in day-to-day relations at the mill. Lyons explains that these antagonisms "are there in the mill but it's somewhat low key. You don't have those high racial overtones. It's there sometimes in a joking manner, but it's still there."

Similarly, a backlash vote along racial lines is the only explanation being given for the trouncing of black

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vice presidential candidate Don Moore at Local 6787 in Burns Harbor, Ind. This local at the Bethlehem Steel mill contains many workers hired during the late 1960s, when the plant started operation. Receiving support from this young membership, most members of the militant Rank and File ticket won office in the April elections. Moore ran on this Rank and File slate, and tied his white opponent. But it was quickly apparent that Moore's tie was the result of a substantial "slate vote"—support for the predominantly white Rank and File ticket. In the vice presidential rerun he made a poor showing, receiving less than one-third of the total. Race and ethnicity are still important factors in steelworker politics—among both young and old members.

Nevertheless, the April elections represent a radical departure from past local union contests, both in District 31 and throughout the country. In earlier years campaigns were won by getting the support of already established union and local city politicians. True, an occasional rebel would break into the fortress, but such events were isolated and usually shortlived. The April insurgents won an overwhelming number of offices in both large and small locals throughout the country. It was done not by amassing statements of support from political veterans but by appealing directly to the union membership. Although candidates throughout District 31 received public support from their popular director, it was leg work by the local organizations themselves that produced the record election turnout and the victory margins.

A good example of the big switch in rank-and-file sentiment was the election at USWA Local 1010. A record 11,800 steelworkers turned out to vote at the 17,000-member local representing employees at Inland Steel in East Chicago. Jim Balanoff, a long-time critic of the USWA hierarchy, defeated incumbent Hank "Babe" Lopez 2 to 1. In the ten-man race—many candidates were welcomed into the contest by Lopez, who hoped to split his opponent's vote—Balanoff collected 6,050 votes. His tally was double the vote received by past victors. This also contrasted sharply with Balanoff's close defeats for local president in 1970 and 1973 when he lost by thirty-nine and 400 votes respectively. In 1976, not only did Balanoff win by 3,000 votes but eleven of his fourteen fellow slate candidates swept into office.

Balanoff's Rank and File Caucus won so handsomely because it was able to mobilize widespread support in the mill. Small election turnouts usually favor incumbents who can depend on members who have received union jobs or favors while their administration was in office. This time the Rank and File Caucus won strong support from steelworkers fed up with a local union leadership which only knows how to spend money and woo the International leadership. Balanoff explained why his organization spent many bitter-cold February and March days campaigning outside the mill gates at Inland Steel, "These other guys play with the International. They have no principles. Our options were limited. If we wanted to survive, we had to set up a rank-and-file organization."

The Rank and File Caucus had to bridge divisions along racial and ethnic lines—differences which have traditionally hampered insurgent efforts to build a plant-wide organization and which, as noted, still make themselves felt among the steelworkers. A wide variety of ethnic groups are represented at the Inland mill and in the surrounding community. Second- and third-generation Poles, Serbs, Croatians, Hungarians and Italians work alongside Mexican, Puerto Rican and black mill workers. Before the affirmative action suits of the 1960s, Latinos and blacks worked at the many hot, dirty and dangerous jobs—positions that also offer little opportunity for promotion. Hence these groups have felt separated from white ethnics who have long occupied better paying jobs with more desirable working conditions. In the past, companies like Inland Steel have actively recruited outside the industrial region and even outside the country to obtain a varied work force that is more "manageable." By playing upon worker racism and inter-ethnic animosity, the companies held the upper hand for a long time. The severity of racial and ethnic divisions may have been reduced in the 1930s organizing days, but such splits continue to play a role in union politics.

The broad cross section of the union's ethnic and racial membership represented by candidates on the 1010 Rank and File slate enabled it to transcend existing divisions and win extensive support. In addition to its six black candidates, the caucus supported two Puerto Ricans, a Mexican and five other candidates with Polish, Bulgarian and Hungarian ethnic backgrounds. Incumbent president Hank Lopez had swept into office three years earlier after receiving heavy support from the more than 5,000 Spanish surname steelworkers at Inland Steel. That same ethnic bloc failed to come through this year, when ethnic considerations were submerged by such issues as union corruption, lack of leadership accountability to the membership and the local administration's unwillingness to battle the company during contract negotiations and individual grievance appeals.

After election fraud was uncovered in the 1974 Sadlowski-Evett election, union members have been constantly reminded that elected leaders can succumb to the temptation to use official powers to keep themselves in office. From the revelation of vote stealing at a Gary local during the 1973 district election to the Watergate trials in Washington, steelworkers were well aware of corruption among politicians at all levels of union and civil government. More important than the discovery of corruption was the *removal* of the guilty parties from office. This helped turn the tide from a "so what can I do about them?" pessimism to a "we can get rid of them" optimism.

The 1974 Sadlowski campaign had zeroed in on corruption—the emotional appeal that "your union leaders are squandering your dues money." Likewise, the April rank-and-file campaigners hammered away at the corruption issue and the absence of any real worker voice in determining union policies. Balanoff recalls the 1010 Rank and File Caucus campaign strategy: "We worked on emotions like Sadlowski did. We talked about corrup-

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tion. 'They're robbing you.' The people responded to that."

Incumbent leaders cooperated by providing plenty of cannon fodder to the insurgents. The 1010 administration had spent $12,000 to print ballots for a 1974 union election. A comparable ballot printing had cost only $1,200 two years earlier. Dale Branson, the former 1010 election official, recently appeared before a federal grand jury investigating possible fraud. In addition to such excessive costs, $90,000 was spent on the 1975 Christmas party for children of union members.

Even in the period between Balanoff's April election and his June installation, the Local spent dues money unabashedly. Lame-duck president Lopez authorized a $30,000 down payment on toys for the 1976 Christmas party. He drew another $6,500 out of reserve funds to send the twelve members of the first- and second-place bowling teams on an all-expenses-paid vacation. Usually only the first-place team receives the award, but this year Mr. Lopez's supporters happened to be on the second-place team. Many questions as to why the Christmas party, ballot printing and sports trips were so expensive remained unanswered.

On other subjects the incumbents were more talkative. Jim Balanoff had more than the biting cold Lake Michigan winds to fight during his campaign. Lopez, like desperate officeholders at many other locals, used redbaiting as a major campaign tactic. Weeks before the election, small stickers warning union members to "Keep the Commies Out of 1010" dotted the reddish-brown walls outside the mill. One piece of campaign literature admonished steelworkers to "Vote for True Americans, But Don't Vote for Communist Balanoff." The anti-Communist campaign had contributed to Balanoff's defeat in two earlier union races in 1970 and 1973. In fact, for five years during the McCarthy era, the Local administration had arbitrarily barred Balanoff from holding union office. But this time the scare campaign failed because union democracy and political corruption were the overriding issues.

Financial mismanagement has not been limited to Local 1010. Across the canal at Youngstown Sheet and Tube, union leaders were forced to pay back union funds after an audit uncovered their illegal distribution. Officials responsible for misappropriation of funds were also bumped from office in April. Recently a lame-duck administration at the U.S. Steel Sheet and Tin Mill in Gary depleted the union treasury by sending supporters on "business trips" costing from $1,000 to $7,000. Only after a member had his $39 union check bounce, did the International decide to come in and put a stop to the spending spree.

Preservation of the right to have some influence on union policy was also at stake in the April campaign. The USWA has always been a top-run organization. With both the local unions and the International, decisions have been made by a few men, with little input from the rank and file. A candid description of the USWA's power relationships was made by Sam Evett in a recent interview. Evett, who was made a special assistant to I.W. Abel, after Sadlowski beat him, sits in a comfortable office at a suburban Illinois shopping center, far from the soot and noise of the steel mills. He continues to defend the centralized union structure: "It depends on your viewpoint. I never recognized any disadvantage. If we didn't have strong central control we wouldn't have succeeded as a union."

But people looking up from the lower ranks see it differently. Mary Hopper lives in a modest East Chicago apartment overlooking the smokestacks which jut from the long flat mill buildings. Gusts of air bring in the acrid fumes from the coke batteries, and the sky sometimes glows red from the blast furnaces. A seasoned steelworker in her 50s, Mary Hopper complains: "We just feel that the way they run that International union, it's a little private organization all their own. We can't tell them anything." She describes the leaders' arrogance: "They are very cocky about it. They say 'we don't have to listen to the membership, we're the ones elected. We're going to run it our way.' "

The battle to oust "cocky" leaders at the local level was long and hard fought. Often starting with a handful of supporters, rank-and-file organizations grew only after hours of planning, campaigning, fund raising and one-to-one conversation with coworkers in the mills. Norman Purdue, the new president of Local 1011 and a strong Sadlowski supporter, recounts the humble beginnings of the Rank and File Caucus at Youngstown Sheet and Tube in East Chicago, "It started in the bottom of a tavern, Little John's Tavern. There were eight or ten people then. But it grew to the point that we did it in the Sadlowski election." Purdue concludes that the momentum of the Sadlowski success nurtured a new rank-and-file spirit: "We knew we could do it again."

This spirit parallels the zeal and devotion which permeated the steel mill communities during the 1930s organizing drives. Mike Olszanski, a young steelworker quite aware of his union's history, observes that "We're not building a union from scratch—but we're organizing. We're getting people together to work in the union to make changes." One of the battles of the 1930s was to defeat the "company unions" and replace them with trade unions which gave the steelworkers greater control over their lives. One of the "old-timers" at Inland Steel remembers how the employees "buried" the company union. Joe Gyurko chuckled as he described the 1937 mock funeral procession which marched down Indiana Harbor's Michigan Avenue. Steelworkers carried a black casket marked "company union" from the mill and gave it a "proper" burial, symbolically allowing a new era of trade unionism to begin.

Today's union reform leaders have begun to bury the corruption and arrogance long associated with the leaders; but they are not lamenting the passing of a powerful trade union. Rather they are resurrecting the spirit of the 1930s—a spirit of reform, militancy, and greater membership participation. If the rank-and-file organization which has gained a foothold in local unions elects Edward Sadlowski next February, the winds of change will blow even harder. Neither the labor movement nor the nation as a whole will be able to ignore the rejuvenation of the 1.4 million-member USWA. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Mysteries of the Status Quo

ELIZABETH POCHODA

This is the first of a two-part essay on Czech fiction, the second part of which will concern Milan Kundera's new novel, The Farewell Party.

"There are more than a million people living in the city of Prague whom I'd just as soon not name here." Thus Vasek, the narrator of *The Guinea Pigs,** introduces his story, mistaking for the moment what must be his and anyone's inability to name a million citizens for a personal decision not to do so. A funny line, one whose wit seems to me characteristic of these two Czech writers, Vaculík and Kundera. An oppressive political system which limits the more obvious freedoms of occupation, movement and speech prompts their characters to some private and wildly comic assertions of will. Something similar might be said about the writers themselves. Presumably disheartened by the official ban on their work in Czechoslovakia, they nevertheless display in their fiction more exuberance than one customarily finds in Western fiction. With no political liberties to speak of, one becomes perforce a specialist in the vagaries of personal freedom. Thus it has been the dubious privilege of Vaculík and Kundera to discover that personal freedom in a repressive society is in any case something of a black box. The fiction can describe actions and reactions, but as for the contents of the box itself, who knows? We can see that it responds perversely, even comically, to the heavy demands of the disenfranchised for expression of will, self, whatever, but its nature, its true nature, that is a mystery. It is the genius of these two writers to turn this discovery into a frontier of sorts where any man's encounter with the most mundane aspects of his destiny and nature may be considered an open adventure, both comic and tragic.

Adventure of a peculiar sort. Characters who begin by wishing to change the status quo of their private lives will, by the end of their adventure, be pleased if they can say with any certainty what that status quo might be. In *The Guinea Pigs*, as in Kundera's stories, *Laughable Loves*,** the main adventure is the discovery that the plots of our lives are, as the hapless young man of "Nobody Will Laugh" says, "foisted on us from somewhere outside." We perform, observes the narrator of "Edward and God," and meanwhile someone has changed the scenery behind our act, and we are not giving the performance we originally thought. Or, as the avuncular narrator of *The Guinea Pigs* advises us, "The hardest thing in the world, boys and girls, is to change your lives of your own free will. Even if you are absolutely convinced that you're the engineer on your own locomotive, someone else is always going to flip the switch that makes you change tracks. . . ." Vaculík and Kundera make a good deal out of his familiar Kafkaesque notion, but unlike Kafka they enrich it with the introduction of well-defined personalities struggling amidst the life of contemporary Prague to love themselves and sometimes others.

Of course for many of the young men in Kundera's stories love comes primarily in the form of sexual conquest, and promises adventures outside of the life plan, a rare chance to experience the unexpected and to acquire a sense of power. Fair enough, we are led to say, and why, when so much else is denied them, shouldn't love be the one reliable measure of a life's value? There is in *Laughable Loves* this persistent and illusory connection between love and certainty. The would-be seducers attempt to circumvent the habitual oppression of their daily lives through love because love is voluntary, or so they think. But the punch lines and the narrative lines of these stories generally unite to show them that there is destiny in love as in everything else even if generated by one's own black box. The characters who push hardest for certainty in love are the most laughable and the most disappointed. They take a holiday from one form of tyranny and unwittingly uncover another, their own.

In "The Hitchhiking Game" a young man who perceives his life as too much of a straight road takes his shy girl friend on a vacation to loosen her up some. They fall unexpectedly into the game of pretending that they are strangers to each other and that the young woman is hitching a ride. Gradually the girl's modesty gives way to her new role as a brazen woman on the make. The young man who initially wanted to loosen her up has misgivings. Her performance is too convincing for him to believe she is essentially modest. She is, he decides, a jumble of modesty *and* lasciviousness. The discovery disgusts him. If she has no essence then there is nothing he can be sure of, and even when she cries for the game to be over saying, " 'I am me, I am me' " he cannot be won back for she is, he thinks, only defining one unknown in terms of another. He was not up to this much adventure, not up to the uncertainties and transitoriness of life. He is no more entitled to his disillusionment than he was to his expectation that his girl friend be "essentially" one thing or another, but somewhere he and his compatriot in "Edward and God" have acquired this rather unimaginative and repressive turn of mind. The possibilities of actual love have their swan song in the story's last sentence: "The young man began to call compassion to his aid (he had to call it from afar, because it was nowhere near at hand), so as to be able to calm the girl. There were still thirteen days vacation before them." Here is the characteristic mixture of ridicule and pathos which shows how these lives snap shut on themselves.

Other sorts of stories in *Laughable Loves* introduce wiser men like the amiable Dr. Havel in "Symposium" and "Dr. Havel After Ten Years." Havel willingly acknowledges that what he might call his self is probably no more than a false beard to get him what he wants of life's pleasures. He teases himself with the fiction of life's significance but acts on the reasonable assumption that he can be secure in nothing. And if as a consequence of his cynicism he must bear the burden of an easygoing self-contempt, he at least has the gratification of sexual success. Faith, certainty, and sentiment are the mindless watchdogs of the state, and one does well to tread so lightly on life that they are not aroused. For once one falls

* *The Guinea Pigs.* By Ludvík Vaculík. Penguin Books. 167 pp. Paper $3.50.

** *Laughable Loves.* By Milan Kundera. Penguin Books. 242 pp. Paper $3.50.

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afoul of these as the young jokester does in "Nobody Will Laugh," there is no end to the plummeting. Havel doubts and treads quietly. But, and this is a serious drawback for Kundera, the self-doubters like Havel who have a better time than other people also know that they are cooperating with those outside forces who indeed wish them to remain in doubt. When even one's skepticism is compulsory there is no end to bad conscience: " 'Self love? I wish it were possible,' said Havel. . . . 'But, sir, I swear to you that I don't like myself at all.' " That is the crushing paradox: the mindless order and certainty which are so laughable, and must be foregone by the wiser of these characters, requires them to forego genuine convictions as well, making them doubly powerless and doubly oppressed. The most elementary negotiations of life are thus a wearing business, and what saves Havel from being himself wearisome is (another paradox coming up) the exuberance with which he rattles the bars of his cage.

Cages are very much Vasek's line in *The Guinea Pigs.* At the state bank where he is an office worker he expects to be watched, hindered and mystified, but at home, where he is husband and father, he keeps guinea pigs in a cage. At home he does what he pleases. In their box the pigs do as they please. Outside their cage the guinea pigs are available for tender molestation and worse. Vasek has trouble keeping his narrative line straight. It switches from the guinea pigs to the bank and back again without his giving us warning or explanation. Nor does he advise or explain his little experiments on them to the pigs, but when things at the bank are so mysterious perhaps he can be excused for keeping secrets and playing tricks of his own. At the bank employees habitually steal currency which is more often than not confiscated at the gate by the guards. Oddly enough this currency seems never to be returned to circulation. It is the theory of one aging oracle that all this missing currency will suddenly be released creating a severe economic depression and social crisis, a maelstrom he calls it with all that that suggests of enveloping catastrophe. Vasek's actions at the bank and elsewhere suggest a certain concern about his ability to survive the purported disaster.

Otherwise he checks things out with his guinea pigs. They poke around doing what they please in their box. That they are upon closer examination without strategies of survival or even a minimum of aggression when severely pressed brings out the worst in their investigator. He cannot keep his paws off them. The more he sees of their acquiescent sweetness, the more he becomes the outside force to disrupt their lives. The bank and the guinea pigs, the guinea pigs and the bank. What Vasek is prevented from knowing on the outside provokes him to nasty little surprises at home. He experiments with the turntable of his record player: 78 r.p.m. is too fast to keep the little fellow aboard; 33 is too slow to terrify; 45 is just right, very nice. The guinea pig does not resist, and what is worse, he is disobliging enough to have no theory which will explain their experience to himself. So much the worse for him. Nor does Vasek seem to understand very much about what brought *him* from the country to Prague and a life of total mystification and coming destruction. He can rescue the pigs from the tortures in the bathtub and on the turntable, and who knows, perhaps he himself will be rescued when the time comes.

But remember, the story keeps seeming to say, remember that the parallels implied here might be of Vasek's making. The tortures resemble his predicament so closely: the whirling turntable, the rush of water in the bathtub, both miniatures, we suspect, of the maelstrom as he imagines it. We cannot know for sure how realistic his fears are, which is part of the point. For in the novel as a whole what we (and Vasek) don't know about our lives is far more alarming than what we do. And since it is Vasek who is narrating this story he is no doubt using his fears to experiment with ours. Terror arrives raw and unmediated in his version of it—no causes, no explanation, no recourse. He contrives to scare himself witless making more and more parallels all the while. Eventually all he is sure of is that terror is a general and stable condition of life; it does not come in degrees according to size or species or situation. He begins by considering that if it is legal to buy and fool with guinea pigs, then what of us? As far as terror is concerned, the world's terms seem roughly equal, and nothing is exempt. This initial discovery gives him pause and he makes the following amused meditation:

> I can't seem to get adjusted to the fact that they sell it. I mean, that they're allowed to. They might just as well sell me to a guinea pig. Decisions! A person can buy one animal after another, and no one even bothers to ask, where do you put them all? Put them? The beast was quarrelsome, offensive, vain, sassy, I got rid of it. A horse, hundreds of times larger and more, isn't any better off. Not buying slaves is a matter of habit. Terror applies to everyone; don't nail frogs to wooden gates, little boys, or women to tables, troops!

But he does get adjusted to the fact all the same, and the hint of moral out-

STORK

There are seventeen species of stork.
The painted stork is pink in his nuptial plumage.
The milky stork woos with his large flat bill.
The marabou offers her carrion, as does the Adjutant.
Due to irregular throat structure, storks have no voice;
they strike their beaks together in lovesong.
Newborns know to swallow the fish head-first.
In the myth of the moon-bird, storks impregnate women.
All storks adhere to serial monogamy.
In the mating season, two species are migratory:
the black stork who roosts in platforms in the forests of Poland;
the familiar white stork ("good luck" in Western Europe).
They are surpassed in endurance by none but the arctic tern.
They travel a thousand miles to Africa.
They soar on the thermal current.
They precede the rainy season.
They carry the unborn in from the marshland.
If a stork nests in your chimney, a son will be born.
If a stork nests in your chimney, your house will be empty.
If a stork leaves the nest, that is an omen.
If a stork leaves the nest forever, disaster will strike the area.
If a stork's shadow falls on the rosebush, grief descends to the village.
If a stork is damaged, the weather darkens.
If you kill a stork, kinsmen surround you, clacking long sticks together like knives.

Ellen Bryant Voigt

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rage here soon disappears in the maelstrom, for without knowing it he is already in it. He is in it, in fact, the moment that he looks up *maelstrom* on a map expecting it to be a definite place in the Western Hemisphere. His mind has good and bad moments, but when it succumbs it succumbs to its own cowardice, not to some fictitious maelstrom in the world outside. And what are all those parallels between Vasek's plight and the guinea pigs' but the fears and projections which are allowed to confuse his personal freedom.

The repressive social conditions are ripe for the destruction of Vasek, but Vaculík's novel is too subtle to make them entirely so. The alarming thing about *The Guinea Pigs* is that Vasek is not so contemptible a creature but that he is without the values which should sustain him, social chaos or not. He knows something of the world and what has been lost from it. He makes valiant efforts on behalf of his family. One of his investigations leads him to a small countrified dwelling on the outskirts of Prague. He is drawn to it as to something valuable erased by the current regime. He is dimly aware that the things which might help him survive (outlined vaguely as nature and the values of the past) elude him, perhaps they even menace him. But if so he cooperates in this. He is afraid and succumbs. It is a nice commentary on the mysteries of personal freedom in his society that we cannot know whether his destruction at the end is a punishment for his heroic investigations or a kind of suicide consequent upon his own cowardice. Vaculík would have us see it both ways. All we can be sure of is that at this point the story is no longer Vasek's to tell; the narrative switches to third person and he is quite literally, and in both senses, shut up somewhere inside it.

The lyricism which is said to be the dominant note in Czech literature has utterly vanished from these two works. In Kundera's brilliant first novel, *The Joke*, he can still be seen struggling to establish some kind of continuum between the rural and urban, the present and past of Czech life. In *Life Is Elsewhere*, a somewhat more preachy volume, lyricism dances to the tune of the power structure. In Vaculík's early novel, *The Axe*, the past, the country are celebrated despite the growing estrangement of the present from them. But these recent books, *The Guinea Pigs* and *Laughable Loves* arrive virtually unupholstered. Landscape, background and traditions have no part in their spare narratives. The adventure lies in the character's confrontation with his nature and his destiny without help of any kind, but not without hindrance. What does fill these narratives and what strikes the Western reader from the start is the confidence which both writers have in fiction itself. Neither doubts the novel's capacity to talk about the human condition (for what else should it talk about, they might ask), nor its power to affect its readers. The confidence pays off even in the bleakest of fictional moments and surprises the reader into a special attentiveness. □

A Fantasia on Black Suffering

FLIGHT TO CANADA. *By Ishmael Reed. Random House. 192 pp. $6.95.*

EDMUND WHITE

Flight to Canada is, of all things, a comic exploration of slavery by the best black writer around. The novel is genuinely funny, for Reed has not rendered faithfully the horrors of servitude but rather created a grotesque Civil War America out of scraps and snippets of the past, the present and the mythic. In the process he has put together a brilliant montage of scenes, potent with feeling and thought, designed to flash on the mind's eye with the brilliance of stained-glass windows in a dark interior. The book is memorable, original and wonderfully entertaining.

The main character, Raven Quickskill, is a slave who runs away from his master, Arthur Swille, hides out in Emancipation City and finally, after the war has ended, makes it over the border into Canada. Until his former owner is dead and buried, Quickskill must remain a fugitive, since Swille has resolved to capture him come what may. Throughout the tale the narration alternates between scenes back at the plantation in Virginia and scenes of Quickskill's precarious freedom.

Reed blends the attitudes and trappings of the past century with those of today. Escaped slaves travel courtesy of Greyhound or Air Canada. Swille's bondsmen loll on waterbeds and watch color television in the luxury of the Frederick Douglass Houses. When Lincoln is shot, the event is served up to viewers again and again through instant replay on television. Lincoln himself is a hypocritical and befuddled Nixon, a racist who thinks of emancipation as a ploy, and Swille is a power-mad Rockefeller whose son is killed by an alligator (or an avenging alligator deity) in Africa. This historical mélange could easily have turned tediously allegorical, but Reed never allows the parallels between the past and the present to become complete, nor does he permit the contemporary references to sap the vitality of his story.

When the double perspective is used to look at slavery, the vision becomes rich and nuanced. In his earlier novel, the careless, sexist, didactic *The Last Days of Louisiana Red*, one character attributes the evils of modern black society to the ordeal of slavery: "I'm afraid it's going to be a long time before we get over that nightmare which left such scars in our soul—scars that no amount of bandaids or sutures, no amount of stitches will heal." But in *Flight to Canada* the nightmare is plumbed. Quickskill, invited to Lincoln's White House reception for artists and intellectuals after publishing a poem, becomes dizzy and rests in the Lincoln bedroom. There he perceives himself as truly a slave, as property, an inanimate thing: "*It* puts the glass back on the rosewood rococo-revival table. *It* is lying in the bed that matches the table. *It* feels better. . . ." At another point two of Swille's agents attempt to recapture Quickskill. The language Reed introduces is that of modern commerce ("Put a claim check on me just like I was somebody's will-call or something"). As one of the agents tells Raven, "Your lease on yourself has come to an end. You are overdue."

Later, when Quickskill has become an antislavery lecturer, he is heckled by other former slaves: "Slaves held each other in bondage; a hostile stare from one slave criticizing the behavior of another slave could be just as painful as a spiked collar—a gesture as fettering as a cage." The funniest and most ghastly updating of slavery occurs when servitude is paired with sadomasochism. Gladstone, a whip fetishist, comes out in Parliament in favor of the Confederacy because he considers Virginia to be the "Canada" of beleaguered sadomasochists; one escaped slave, Leechfield, makes his living in the North by running ads as a hustler: "I'll Be Your Slave For One Day. Humiliate Me. Scorn Me." So dynamic is Reed's meditation on slavery that it extends even to Quickskill's musings about literature: "He was

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so much against slavery that he had begun to include prose and poetry in the same book, so that there would be no arbitrary boundaries between them."

The most vivacious scenes in the book take place on "Massa" Swille's plantation. Reed's wit rises to dazzling heights and outrageous depths as he shows us the confrontation between Swille and Abraham Lincoln. The President has come, hat in hand, to beg Swille for money with which to finance the Civil War. And in a fit of pique with Lee, Swille gives it to him, preserving as he does so his notion that his plantation is an independent duchy, not a part of either the Union or the Confederacy. But Swille does not oblige Lincoln until after he takes him to task for his shabby clothes and hickish personal style ("Go to the theatre. Get some culture"). Rising in defense of the Sable Genius of the South, Swille defends Jefferson Davis: "Davis' slaves are the only ones I know of who take mineral baths, and when hooped skirts became popular he gave some to the slave women, and when this made it awkward for them to move through the rows of cotton, he widened the rows." Swille gets in a few licks against Mrs. Lincoln as well: "She looks like a laundromat attendant. Old dowdy dough-faced thing. Queens accent. . . . And why does she send those midnight telegrams to the *Herald Tribune* after drinking God knows what?"

The finest character Reed has ever created is the hair-raising Mammy Barracuda. She has so thoroughly identified herself with the oppressors of her race that after the war she entertains reunions of Confederate soldiers with rousing renditions of *Dixie*. By catering to the depraved tastes of Massa Swille for drugs and violence, the Mammy has won herself a cabinet full of jewels from Cartier's. She is not above laying it on thick with Lincoln and grabbing him by the waist, waltzing him about and singing, "Hello, Abbbbbbe. Well, hello Abbbbbbe. It's so nice to have you here where you belong."

Barracuda becomes as intimidating a brute as Balzac's Asia when she takes Ms. Swille in hand (once again Reed has cleverly conflated periods by discovering "Ms."—the modern feminist's word and a perfect phonetic rendering of the deferential Southern pronunciation of "Mrs."). The mistress of the plantation, after attending Radcliffe and immersing herself in Harriet Beecher Stowe's writings, goes on a hunger strike against her husband's tyranny; Barracuda insults and terrorizes the poor woman back into being a Southern belle. Barracuda's tirade is a masterpiece of invective: "Look like shit. On strike. I got your strike, you underbelly of a fifteen-pound gopher rat run ober by a car. Sleep with a dog, he let you. You goat-smelling virago, you gnawing piranha, worrying that man like that."

Reed is not caricaturing the South as it ever was but as it exists in the imagination of some Southern writers and most Northern intellectuals—a land infatuated with death, sadism, Tennyson and feudalism. In this home of putrescent flowers, languishing belles and bloodcurdling screams, Reed's Barracuda and Uncle Robin (a supposed prototype of Uncle Tom) prevail. They end up inheriting most of the master's estate; as Uncle Robin observes in the closing pages: "Yeah, they get down on me an Tom. But who's the fool? Nat Turner or us? Nat said he was going to do this. Was going to do that. Said he had a mission. Said his destiny was a divine one. . . . Now Nat's dead and gone for these many years, and here I am master of a dead man's house. Which one is the fool?"

Mammy Barracuda and Uncle Robin have run away from Reed if not from Massa Swille. In his earlier works Reed has preached that American blacks should reject Christianity and rationalism and return to African hoodoo and intuition. He finds women's liberation disrespectful of the patriarchal dignity of African society. And he treats the antisocial behavior of some modern blacks as a remnant of slavery or as parasitism, "Moochism," as he calls it. This odd collection of ideas fortunately finds little expression in *Flight to Canada* save in the exchanges between Quickskill and his Indian lover, Princess Quaw Quaw Tralaralara, which are the weakest moments in the book.

The attention and affection Reed lavishes on the unregenerate Massa Swille and the reactionary Mammy and Uncle must have alarmed the author as much as they confound and disquiet the reader. The virtuous Raven pales beside the plantation grotesques. Clever as his dialogue is, it cannot match the verbal energy of Uncle Robin's testimonial to Virginia: "I loves it here. Good something to eat when you wonts it. Color TV. Milk pail fulla toddy. Some whiskey and a little nookie from time to time. We gets whipped with a velvet whip, and there's free dental care and always a fiddler case your feets get restless."

The acrid merriment that boils under the Southern scenes thrills and disturbs us. How can we like these monsters? What moral sense can we make of a novel in which a fugitive slave ends up a whore and an Uncle Tom inherits a fortune (even if he has to forge his master's will to do so)? Reed's fantasia on the classic themes of black suffering is a virtuoso performance. His endless list of names for blacks (cocoas, sables, kinks, mahoganies, spooks, shines, sbleezers, smokes, picks) is as funny and intolerable as a minstrel show. What troubles me is that *Flight to Canada*, the best work of black fiction since *Invisible Man*, both invites and outrages moral interpretation.

I'm not saying that Reed is endorsing

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inhumanity simply by portraying it; his views are not to be confused with those of his characters. No, the sin and the glory of this book is far more subtle. What Reed has done is to assign to his vicious characters, and to them alone, his own creative vitality—the very same "mistake" Balzac made, the titan whose novels Reed's book brings to mind, not for its style but for its remarkable drive. As someone once pointed out, Balzac's characters were not representative of humanity in general because he made them all geniuses in his own image; Reed has done the same thing with his terrifying Mammy Barracuda.

Quibbles aside, *Flight to Canada* must be hailed as an irrepressibly funny and mordant meditation on the eternal present of slavery in America. The book, however, functions not only as a distorting mirror held up to the continuing history of servitude but also as the record of a single consciousness attempting to kill off the slave within—an heroic project that Chekhov once commended to us all. □

An Epiphany for Middle-Class Blacks

THE JUNIOR BACHELOR SOCIETY. *By John A. Williams. Doubleday & Co. 247 pp. $7.95.*

GIL MULLER

John A. Williams has been exploring the myths and realities of the black experience for more than two decades, and at the age of 50 he deserves a reevaluation. Over the years he has served as the major chronicler in fiction of the black American middle class, and specifically of individuals who, because of their mobility, are invariably at pains to discover their true country. In *The Junior Bachelor Society*, Williams offers us a contemporary Vanity Fair, a novel ostensibly without a hero, a panorama of black America today. The novel is nothing short of epic, and its strengths suggest Williams's deserved stature as a major American writer.

Williams is essentially the only novelist who has attempted to investigate how all of black America fits into the national jigsaw puzzle. He covers a broad spectrum in his fiction (for example, *Captain Blackman* moves kaleidoscopically from the Revolutionary War to Vietnam), and he has tended increasingly in recent years to concentrate on black professionals—on people who have made it into the mainstream. The characters in Williams's novels refuse to be ghettoized. This is not to say that they escape their troubles in their odysseys toward social respectability. In fact, because of their quest for professional acceptance, they frequently submit to cataclysmic events that destroy them.

But recently Williams has been withholding the hecatomb that readers have come to expect of his endings, although the violence, or potential for it, is still there. In *The Junior Bachelor Society*, nine men in their early 50s (they are obviously very close to Williams, perhaps even avatars of him) attend a reunion honoring their high school coach, Charles "Chappie" Davis. Some—like Bubbles Wiggins, who works in a foundry, and Kenneth "Snake" Dumpson, who has become a housing commissioner—have never left Central City, an upstate New York locale patterned on Syracuse. Others have crossed the continent and the globe, ascending professional scales as academicians, playwrights, journalists, concert singers. No one has met with unadulterated success. Only one, Walter "Moon" Porter, a Los Angeles pimp, has retained the moves, the old survival skills, and seems capable of forging a new life for himself. Moon, the most thoroughly professional of these varied and exquisitely wrought men, knows how to manipulate America's deep-seated penchant for violence. Uninvited to the reunion, he arrives offering the Bachelors an epiphany, and something they had forgotten.

These men and their wives, converging on Central City for the reunion after having been separated for more than thirty years, are survivors. Williams persistently equates the men with the famous black athletes of an earlier generation who, like them, had sought deliverance through success in sports. It is significant that a small nucleus of the JBS still continues to scrimmage on weekends, searching now for deliverance from the absurdities of age, from the reality of bodies and lives winding down. Disciplined by sport, they are still professionals—a fact that Williams telegraphs to the reader in a remarkable first chapter describing the pride with which Bubbles Wiggins handles his foundry job.

Williams is a realist at heart, much in the vein of the 19th-century artist Millet, whose "The Sower" served as a major motif in the author's last novel, *Mothersill and the Foxes* (1975). He also shares with the great 19th-century realists an ability to handle large, complex structures with deceptive ease. Starting with Bubbles, he introduces the other

Gil Muller, an associate professor of English at La Guardia Community College, CUNY, is the author of Nightmares and Visions: Flannery O'Conner and the Catholic Grotesque.

PILE OF FEATHERS

This time there was no beak,
no little bloody head, no bony
claw, no loose wing—only a small
pile of feathers without substance or center.

Our cats dig through the leaves, they
stare at each other in surprise,
they look carefully over their shoulders,
they touch the same feathers over and over.

They have been totally cheated of the body.
The body with its veins and its fat
and its red bones has escaped them.
Like weak giants
they try to turn elsewhere.
Like Americans on the Ganges,
their long legs twisted in embarrassment,
their knees scraping the stones,
they begin crawling after the spirit.

Gerald Stern

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Bachelors in consecutive chapters, intertwining their lives and a host of secondary and tertiary lives, building by accretion until all are wedded once again in a communal dilemma: what to do with Moon, who has killed a Los Angeles cop who had been shaking him down. The climax of the novel, with the Bachelors seemingly trapped by a young black cop out to collar Moon, is as remarkable as the beginning of the book. The resolution of events suggests the triumph of an older generation over a hostile and declining world; it is an apotheosis of men imbued with values and with loyalties that they cannot lose, lest they lose their lives.

Bubbles and Moon, who start and end the novel respectively, are blood brothers of a special order. They coalesce. Bubbles brings the Bachelors together, and Moon reminds them of their strength, their dignity, their decency, and their true success. Moon, who longs for a simple agrarian existence, must kill a second time in order to save the Bachelors and himself, and it is at this point that we discover that John Williams has maneuvered us into one of his typically ambiguous moral landscapes. For it suddenly seems altogether appropriate for us to wish Moon, as he escapes toward the Canadian border, good luck. The Bachelors assuredly do, knowing that Moon, and another reunion, will never come again. □

Choosing Old Forms

SEPARATIONS. *By Marilyn Hacker.* Alfred A. Knopf. 109 pp. $6.95. Paper *$3.95. (Record: The Poetry and Voice of Marilyn Hacker. Caedmon. TC1501. $6.98. Also available in cassette, CDL 51501. $7.95.)*

CHERYL WALKER

Because of its title, one might expect this book to be concerned with getting rid of the past. "What a trash to annihilate each decade," Sylvia Plath wrote. But the poems in this volume, rather than radical departures, are really imaginative reclaimings of poetic territory once owned by the formalists. Word got around that the structures in this area were haunted, disreputable, and even Sylvia Plath gets a hard look once in a while for her early villanelles and sonnets. It is a shock, therefore, to read Hacker and find her courageously entering the realm protected by the Covering Cherub, choosing old forms—often in meter and rhyme—to make her wit work. Few have been willing to do this recently, and one remembers only too well Kenneth Rexroth's statement that to write a sonnet in these times is a Fascist act.

Nevertheless, last year's National Book Award winner clearly has some support for her kind of undertaking. Perhaps we are now ready to consider seriously what J.V. Cunningham once wrote: "We have written to vary or violate the old line, for regularity we feel is meaningless and irregularity meaningful. But a generation of poets, acting on the principles and practice of significant variation, have at last nothing to vary from. The last variation is regularity."

I must admit that I am grateful to see a woman up to these old tricks. There are certainly a number of good books of young women's poems which are not dominated by meter and rhyme. I think of Margaret Atwood, of Miriam Levine's *To Know We Are Living*, and especially Eloise Klein Healy's *Building Some Changes*, which deserves wider circulation than Peace Press in Los Angeles can probably give it. However, Hacker's is the most unusual of these books, because she has taken the past seriously in a way none of the others have. In the imaginary city so many of her poems inhabit, the lovers (past and present possibly) meet again. Although they may "clink/ snifters, wax quotable near 'Time,' then go/ home their discrete and solitary ways," the rendezvous itself demands our attention. What one is separating from (the past) is as important as the terms of the separation. There is always the refusal but again the temptation to take the past too seriously.

Hacker herself has a wonderful poem about her own relation to formal techniques which are usually thought of now as belonging to the past:

I still balk at my preference for rhyme
which hounds me like an inarticulate
and homely lover whom I wish would wait
outside; no, he can meet my friends this time,
screw vanity, I love him, he's my own obsession. . . .

Angular
child, I have to tell them who you are,
and love you so much they will envy us
and want you so much they will want you too.

Obviously if she is going to introduce us to this anonymous angular child, she sees herself as refashioning these metrical structures in a way which will allow us to meet them without a sense of familiarity. She will do this not so small thing in her own way, to rephrase Adrienne Rich. She will be her own woman she tells us.

Writing like a woman these days has often, though not always, meant treating male-female relations with anger or irony. And Marilyn Hacker sometimes does this, as in the ironic ending of "Two Farewells":

"Try to turn
boys into men," Circe said,
"and they behave like pigs."

But Hacker's work is fundamentally female in the sense that it is part of a tradition of American women poets. Her poetry carries the burden of the past with it in a different way from that of any of the other contemporary women poets I know of. Reading the opening stanzas of "The Terrible Children," the echoes of Louise Bogan are inescapable:

You, who never tasted the fruit,
who woke wide and immobile in blue fire
now, stretched to silence on the singing wire,
fall through limed fissures, naked, rigid, mute,
while summer children underneath the tree
gather the thick-dropped apples where they lie.

"The Song of Liadan" with its image cluster of silver, crystal, and gauntlets, lies in a direct line with Elinor Wylie's poetry. Who, knowing Wylie's work, could read

And I am silver
and barren.
Brocade. Our hands clasped in a truce of gauntlets
a silence above song

without thinking of Wylie's "Gauntlet" poems and the line: "And I am barren in a barren land" from "Sequence." "A silence above song" could easily have been written by either Wylie or Teasdale. Brocade? Is it Dickinson or Amy Lowell? In fact the whole theme of incomplete renunciation and the nun figure Liadan who embodies it here, takes us back to the work of Dickinson, Teasdale, Wylie and Bogan.

There is much to praise in this book.

Cheryl Walker teaches American literature at Scripps College and is working on a book about American women poets.

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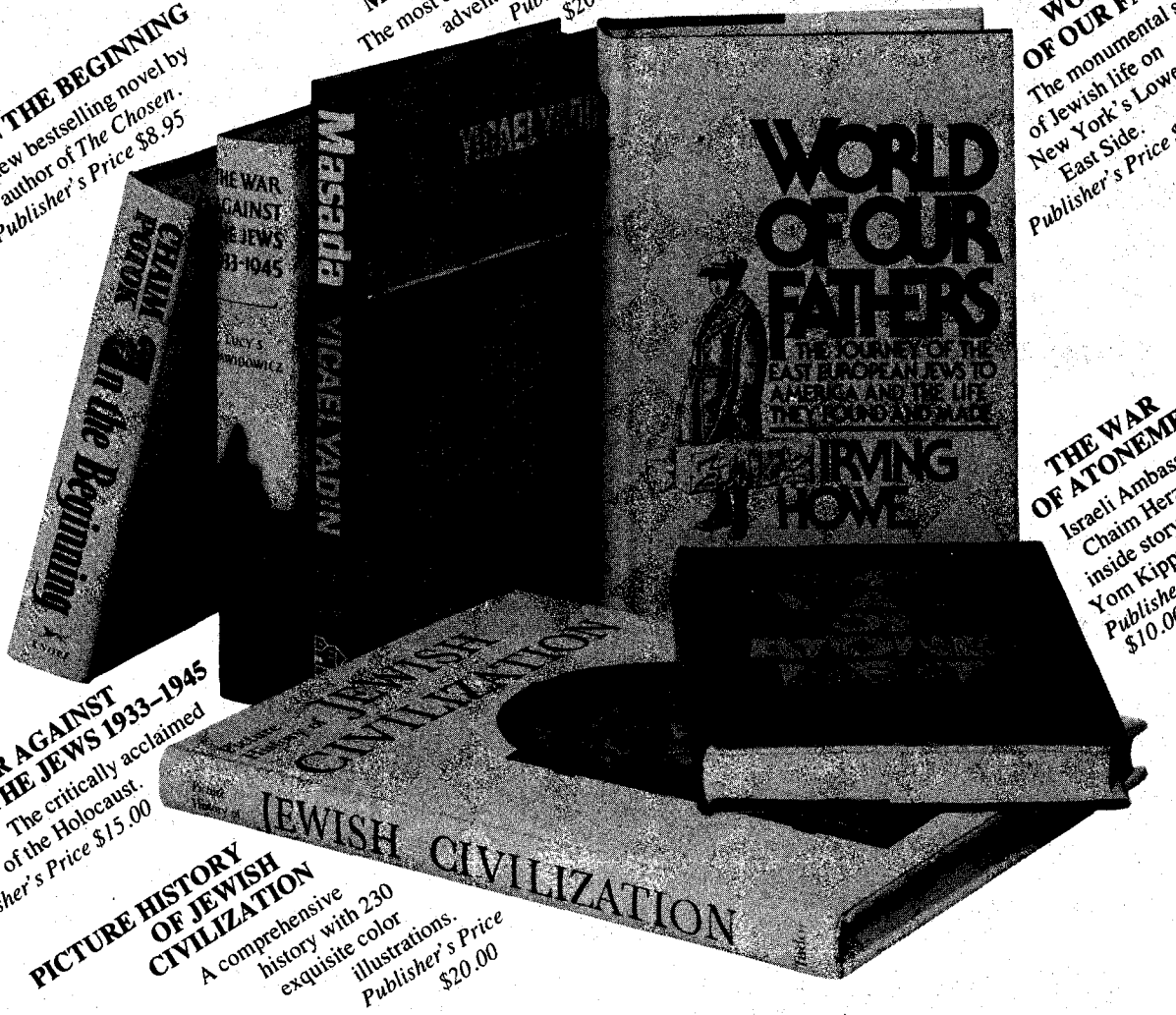
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I especially like "Geographer" and parts of "Prism and Lens" but the poetic misprision, to use Bloom's term, which is Hacker's need to misuse the past in the interests of her own present, does not always work successfully for her. A woman poet who chooses to reify the past tradition of female formalists stands in an uneasy position given the shift of our poetic diction toward the conversational and colloquial. Thus we get lines which are too literary: "Precocious cold sullies our gelid sheets." In other poems, such as "Birmingham," an overly refined insight like:

The vision of his change: a doped rag
cloying his blind runnelled face
after the black melting from there to here,

gives way to a harsher tone. The combination of the two is disorienting, as though we were hearing a single voice speaking from two different directions at once.

I found it very useful to have the Caedmon record of Hacker reading as a supplement to the book. Most of the recorded poems are from *Presentation Piece,* her first book, but one hears on the record the voice which sometimes falters in the poems on the page: original, insistent, witty, it is a pitiless voice, a voice which would not give way to pressures from either the Right or the Left—a good voice, I think, for a poet.

There is some talk that, since Marilyn Hacker has now returned from living in England, she will begin to loosen up a little. I hope not. It is certainly true that sometimes one feels that the poems are stretched as taut as a high wire between the colloquial and the purely literary. Any false step means disaster, and every poet makes a false step once in a while. But it is much easier to keep one's balance writing discursively with that ironic deadpan so common to young women poets these days. Their books are much more solid in their footing than hers, less risky. Hers make us gasp and sometimes groan. But one is moved by her statement that she should own up to her inarticulate and homely lover. It has the ring of authenticity in it: "Love drives its rackety blue caravan/ right to the edge." □

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THEATRE

HENRY POPKIN

The East European countries that we call "satellites" have a pattern of their own in the arts and especially in their theatre. When they are at their best, they specialize in criticizing conformity. Their own conformity? Wild horses could not compel the dramatists to admit it, even in those countries, like Poland and Hungary, that enjoy a certain measure of carefully limited liberty. You are, however, entitled to your own guess as to whose experience of conformity the Poles and Hungarians know best.

The peculiar tensions under which the "satellite" nations live often produce interesting results in the arts, and even when the results are anti-conformist they may be considered suitable for export. That is why Washington's Arena Stage was able last season to present *The Tot Family,* a comedy by a Hungarian dramatist, István Orkény, in which conformist repression is identified with Hungary's pro-Hitler war on the Russian front. In a similar vein, at last year's "Theatre of the Nations" festival in Warsaw, Hungary was represented by a provincial production of *As You Like It* that turned Shakespeare's comedy into a parable about conformism. This *As*

Henry Popkin frequently writes on the theatre.

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You Like It, from the town of Kaposvár, began by showing us the court of the bad Duke, who had usurped his brother's power, as a center of joyless regimentation, where dark clothing and blind obedience prevailed. On the other hand, the Forest of Arden, where the rightful Duke governed, was a hotbed of happy individualism and bright colors. And yet, when the rightful Duke and his companions prepared to return to court, all of them but one underwent a visible change; they became conformists themselves and thereby shaped up to reality. Individualism, this production seemed to be telling us, is a pleasant luxury which, unhappily, realists cannot afford.

A recent visit to Hungary has shown me more of the same—more exploration of the problems of individualism and nonconformism and more attention to provincial theatre. The Hungarian provinces, it should be remembered, have no large cities; Budapest is the only metropolis, and so it comes about that Kaposvár represents Hungary at an important international festival and the latest play by Orkény, the leading Hungarian dramatist, reaches the capital in a visiting production from the town of Szolnok. (This is called decentralization of the theatre, and it is not just a quaint Hungarian practice. The same process is taking hold in the United States, where even the nationally televised Tony Awards have begun to take notice of it by allowing five minutes this year to the first annual award to a regional theatre.)

Orkény, who was earlier this year a beneficiary of détente, touring the United States as a guest of the State Department, entrusted his new comedy, *Looking for the Key*, to the theatre of Szolnok, and he has little reason to be displeased with the results. It is a much more lighthearted play than his others have been, but he has, at the last moment, introduced a more serious note in his own distinctive voice—literally in his own voice because he himself is heard on a tape recording.

The hero of the work is an airplane pilot who specializes in unscheduled landings. The air corps fired him when he landed in Austria by mistake; his airline demoted him when he came to earth at the wrong airfield in Leipzig. And now, heading for Budapest from Prague, he stops in an open field, taxis his plane into a cemetery, and greets a startled bystander with the defensive question: "What's the matter? Haven't you ever seen a plane before?" The pilot arrives home to find that his equally scatterbrained wife has similar problems. She has been searching desperately for the key to their new apartment, but, soon after his return, they have locked themselves into the darkened apartment (a fuse has blown) with several others, including an ostentatiously mysterious stranger, and they cannot get out. When the pilot describes his latest disaster, which included his unexpected journey through the cemetery, the stranger persuades everyone that their host is not really an idiot but a hero. A little later, the stranger confesses to being a specialist in the creation of happy illusions—just the kind of character that more solemn dramatists like Ibsen (in *The Wild Duck*) and Gorky (in *The Lower Depths*) have been inserting into their plays for the past century.

But, unlike the dream peddlers in Ibsen and Gorky, this illusionist does not earn a respectful hearing. His latest illusion—about the pilot's heroism—is effectively challenged by the taped comment of one of the plane's passengers, a Nobel Prize winner who assails the dangerous incompetence and the equally dangerous tolerance of incompetence that made the accident possible. The happy-go-lucky individualists in the darkened apartment have endorsed a meaningless type of nonconformism. They have saluted the incompetent pilot as a nonconformist free spirit, but he is nothing of the sort because he has not chosen his course of action. He has taxied his plane through a cemetery, not because he likes to do things differently but because he is incapable of landing a plane properly. If no one died, that is the result of his luck, not his heroism.

Still, if Orkény intended to give serious weight to the Nobel Prize winner's comment (the speech is heard in the dramatist's own voice), he made his play too funny for the objection to be taken seriously. In Budapest, at least, the audience was too busy laughing to take much note of it. Also, the mysterious stranger had special help: playing this role was a peppy, bespectacled Woody Allen type named Zoltán Papp, who showed himself to be a comedian of the first quality. If the theatre of Szolnok holds on to him much longer, that will be a real triumph for the provinces.

Gyula Hernádi, a favorite writer of scripts for the leading Hungarian film maker, permitted the provincial theatre of Pécs to stage his historical drama *The Interpreter*, in which the Peasants' Revolt of the 16th century interrupts the trial of some pigs that are presumed to have been entered by devils. This play feeds the voracious Hungarian appetite for declamatory historical drama, but it is enlivened by some interesting images, including the activities of three graceful actresses skillfully disguised as orange-colored pigs. Another new play listed John Calvin and his rival Servetus in its cast; *The Interpreter* boasted such historical notables as Martin Luther, Thomas Münzer, and Florian Geyer. Obviously, Hungarian dramatists continue to seek new meanings in old history. Hernádi did not limit himself to satirizing the repressive religious authorities who put the pigs on trial; he made his full meaning clear by directing the Peasants' Revolt be accompanied by the strains of *The Internationale*. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC / Nat Hentoff

The day Franklin D. Roosevelt died, I was working at a Boston radio station, and once the manager had grudgingly decided to cancel all commercials for as long as the city remained in shock, we filled with music—days and nights of music as solemn as the sea at night. And all of it, of course, classical music. Even I, the station's resident jazz evangelist, would not have dared insert such deep black grief as a Sidney Bechet blues or such rituals of evanescent grace as one of Duke Ellington's portraits of admired ghosts. I would have been fired right off the air for desecration.

Years later, Ellington, remembering that time of mourning, said drily that somehow he and his orchestra had gotten on the air briefly to weave a threnody for FDR, but his had been practically the only "American music" (as he put it) allowed during that period. "After all," he told me, "jazz has always been like the kind of man you wouldn't want your daughter to associate with."

Certain degrees of respectability were finally accorded, however, to these night sounds. The Guggenheim Foundation and the National Endowment, for example, recognized at last that certain jazz composers might actually be engaged in undertakings serious enough to qualify as "culture" even among nondrinkers. For a while, the State Department certified various groups and orchestras as officially sponsored exemplars of unarmed democracy at creative play. (One musician of my acquaintance, having

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proclaimed his intention to hold seminars on American racism as part of his overseas itinerary, was told that his music was not quite what was wanted.)

Of all these signs of partial recognition being given jazz by the arbiters of "seriousness" in the arts, the most rewarding thus far—for the jazz audience—have been the brisk, knowledgeable efforts of the Smithsonian Institution. I confess to having been somewhat apprehensive when that marmoreal organization announced a few years ago that it was about to incorporate jazz. All that liveliness frozen into a permanent exhibition? Actually, the Institution wisely hired as director of its jazz program one of the few jazz critics (as contrasted with reviewers) in the country. He is Martin Williams, and he has already accomplished a certain marvel of considerable proportions.

In addition to a series of illuminating Jazz Heritage concerts and workshops, along with a long-range design for the most comprehensive jazz archives anywhere, Williams has put together the most valuable single set of jazz records in the history of jazz recordings. First of all, because he spoke for the formidable sounding Smithsonian, Williams was able to persuade more than twenty usually warring record companies to cooperate in the project. (Previous commercial attempts to present the scope of the art have been gravely flawed because the albums' contents were limited almost entirely to the product of the company putting out the particular set. If that company had no Bessie Smith masters, then the blues would have to be represented by a lesser legend.)

Now, because of Williams and the Smithsonian, it is possible to give an immediately authoritative answer to the not uncommon query, "What's the best way to start a really first-rate jazz record library?" The question comes from new listeners to jazz for whom rock is no longer wholly satisfying. It also comes from some of the middle-aged who stopped buying jazz recordings soon after college and dating ended. ("You say a lot of things happened after Benny Goodman, huh?") Furthermore, there are reasonably knowledgeable listeners who nonetheless would like to know of one cache of guaranteed masterpieces as a sort of reference point for future acquisitions.

The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz is exactly that. Its six LPs and eighty-four recordings range from Scott Joplin playing *Maple Leaf Rag* to John Coltrane's *Alabama*. In between are most of the musicians who should be there—Bessie Smith, Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, Thelonious Monk, Charles Mingus, Cecil Taylor, et al. One could debate individual performance choices by Williams, but overall the selection is most astute. Williams is the author of the accompanying booklet, which includes a history of jazz and a useful commentary on each recording, as well as a bibliography. (The set can be obtained by writing to The Smithsonian Institution, P.O. Box 1641, Washington, D.C. 20013. The cost is $24.50, including postage.) There have since been other exceptional Smithsonian releases, most notably Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines.

Years ago, "Swinging at the Smithsonian" could only have been a transient, fancifully titled riff-built jazz piece. But now, it's an accurate description of what has possessed that most durable place. □

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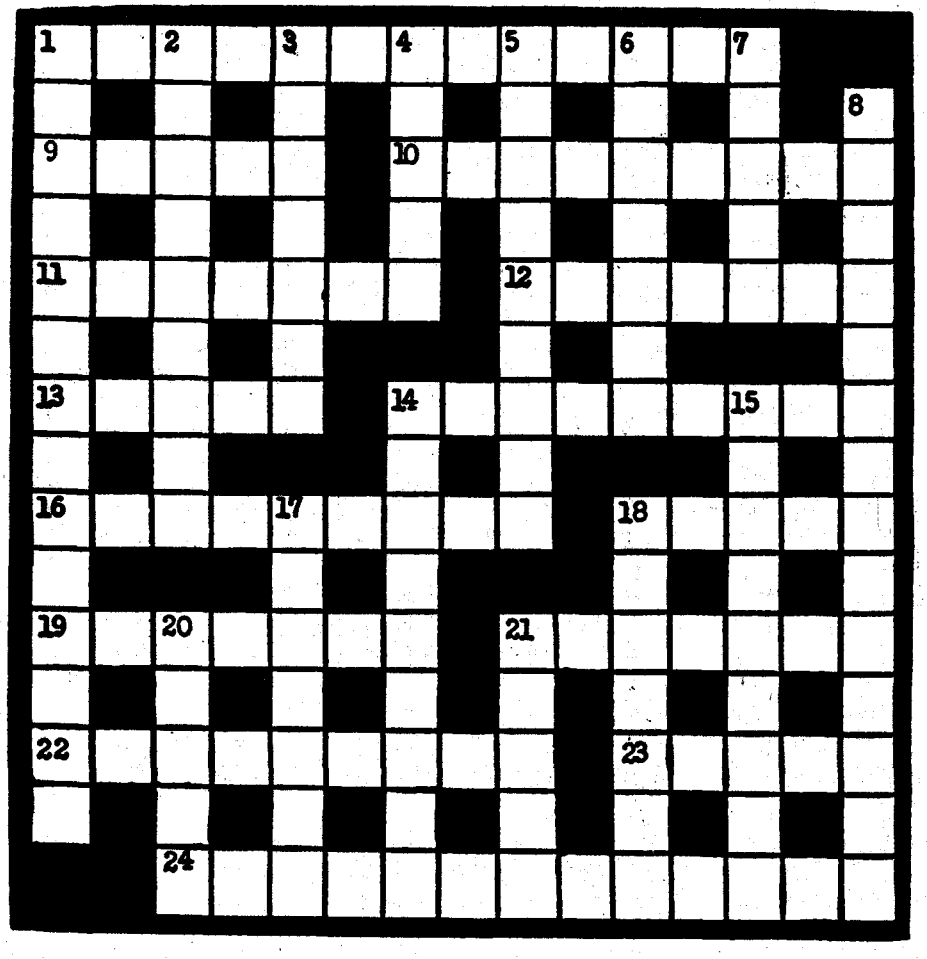

ACROSS

1 Subject of interrogation concerning yoga, acrobatics, balance, etc. (6,7)
9 I do it poorly—one may do most things worse. (5)
10 It's certainly not very long—the end of the year, perhaps—I came across her without a head. (9)
11 Such people take any trouble to look back on it. (7)
12 On an ill-bent search for a basis of ointments? (7)
13 Is oil so used for mixed dishes? (5)
14 One's motives are concealed if one does. (9)
16 Evidently such men don't talk of working dogs. (9)
18 It sounds the way some men live alone and make a lot of dough, perhaps. . . . (5)
19 . . . while this fellow makes hay. (7)
21 More like that small voice. (7)
22 With the notion you don't have to be host to do it. (9)
23 You always find a lot of fur on one, for a small animal. (5)
24 You'd scarcely make one in good time for the mile. (4-6,3)

DOWN

1 Well-known coach manufacturer, responsible for a timely model change. (5,9)
2 Nine seems to be confused in the test, but such things happen regularly. (9)
3 Fish on one side of them, traditionally, expecting game or the equivalent on the other. (7)
4 As dew, distilled, gets the feet wet? (5)
5 They might be said about a given area. (9)
6 One hundredth of 10 perhaps seen to be rather large. (7)
7 It may be a French word to the Spanish, but your transportation shouldn't be far from your door here. (5)
8 Perhaps what 1 down promised the poor girl. (6,8)
14 A song of Bacchus celebrating one birthday in a thousand-odd? The other way around! (9)
15 A big hatchet when it isn't buried? (6-3)
17 Not so green for a classic mother around the old town. (7)
18 Ah, as the Scotch and Irish say, with cheese around it's just a bread product! (7)
20 Perhaps a light sporting event. (5)
21 Such a Moslem sounds pleasantly agreeable. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1645

ACROSS: 1 Scope; 4 Patter; 11 Stannic; 12 Oedipus; 13 No smoking; 14 Solve; 15 Active members; 17 Advertisement; 22 Houri; 24 Rootstock; 25 Silicon; 26 Amended; 27 Desist; 28 Plays. DOWN: 2 Classic; 3 Pantomime; 5 Andes; 6 Tippler; 7 Rasher; 8 Using; 9 Accident prone; 10 Congressional; 16 Bombshell; 18 Doubles; 19 Noonday; 20 Chased; 21 Skids; 23 Incas.

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